PLATO

Apud F. Ursinum in gemma.

PHEDON;

OR,

A DIALOGUE

OF THE

Immortality of the Soul.

FROM

PLATO, *the divine Philoſopher.*

It muſt be ſo—*Plato*, thou reaſon'ſt well——
Elſe whence this pleaſing Hope, this fond Deſire,
This longing after Immortality?
Or whence this ſecret Dread and inward Horror,
Of falling into nought? Why ſhrinks the Soul
Back on herſelf, and ſtartles at Deſtruction?
'Tis the Divinity that ſtirs within us;
'Tis Heav'n itſelf, that points out an Hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to Man.

Addiſon's Cato, Act 5. Sc. 1.

LONDON,

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DISCOURSE

CONCERNING

PLATO.

WHAT is every Day ſeen to befal the nobleſt Houſes, whoſe great Names are uſurped by obſcure Families, ſo that the true Heirs who only have Right to bear them, are in Time no longer diſtinguiſhed, has been the Fate of Philoſophy. A great Number of Arts and Sciences which indeed may be of Uſe in their Places, but are worthy only to be the Slaves of that Science which alone renders our lives equally good and happy, have ſeized on this magnificent Name, and rendered it contemptible in the Eyes of Men. We have now no Idea of a true Philoſopher, ſince this Auguſt Title is laviſhly beſtowed on a Sort of curious and lazy People, who make it their only Buſineſs to underſtand ſome of the Secrets of Nature, and ſpend the Time of their Life in making Experiments on the Weight of the Air, and the Virtues of the Loadſtone. This Name has been ſtill more degraded, in being given to thoſe, whoſe inſatiable Avarice chains them Day and Night to a Furnace; as if Gold, the greateſt Quantity of which is not comparable to the leaſt Virtue, were the End of Philoſophy. In fine, Men are not content with having given it ſuch Blemiſhes as theſe, but have alſo rendered the Name odious, in throwing it away on thoſe Libertines, who by a pretended *Force d'Eſprit*, or Strength of Thought,

which

which at beſt is no better than Weakneſs and Ignorance, live rather like beaſts than Men. Is it then to be wondered at, that Philoſophy is miſtaken and neglected, and that Men no longer pay her that Reſpect and Veneration, which ſhe formerly exoited in in their Minds? Aſhamed of being confounded with the Daughters of the Earth, ſhe is re-aſcended to Heaven from whence *Socrates* brought her.

To be truly a Philoſopher, is to have Temperance, Juſtice, and Fortitude, to love the Truth, to avoid ſenſual Pleaſures, to deſpiſe Riches; to weaken, as much as may be the Bands that faſten the Soul to the Body; to hate and contemn the Body, which is always oppoſing Wiſdom; to renounce all our Deſires, to fear neither the Poverty, nor Shame, nor Reproach we may be expoſed to, for the Sake of Righteouſneſs and Truth; to do Good to Mankind, even to our very Enemies; to have nothing in View, but how to die well; and for this End to renounce one's ſelf and every Thing elſe. This is the Idea the wiſeſt Heathens had of Philoſophy.

A Man needs only to read *Plato* to be perfectly informed of the Extent of their Knowledge: For his Writings have amaſſed together all the Truths that were ſcattered up and down in the Works of other Philoſophers; and with the Advantage of new Diſcoveries of his own, they compoſe as it were a Body of Doctrine, which contains the higheſt Perfection of Knowledge to be found among the Heathens.

Let a Man read ever ſo little of him with Attention, and reflect upon what he teaches, and he'll eaſily diſcern, that God, to ſtop the Mouth of Incredulity, was long ſince preparing the Way for the Converſion of the Heathens, which had been ſo often predicted by the Prophets: For was it not the Work of God, and a kind of Preludium of their Converſion, that a Heathen in the moſt idolatrous City in the World, and almoſt four hundred Years before the Light of the Goſpel illuminated the Univerſe,

verſe, ſhould declare and prove a good Part of the Truths of the Chriſtian Religion.

The Circumſtance of the Time is remarkable, for *Plato* began to write immediately after the three laſt Prophets that were in *Iſrael*. So that as ſoon as the Prophets ceaſed among the *Jews*, God raiſes up Philoſophers to enlighten the *Gentiles*; and divers of the Principles of the Goſpel are taught at *Athens*. Where 'tis proved,

That there is but one God; and that we ought to love and ſerve him, and to endeavour to reſemble him in Holineſs and Righteouſneſs; and that this God rewards Humility and puniſhes Pride.

That the true Happineſs of Man conſiſts in being united to God, and his only Miſery in being ſeparated from him.

That the Soul is mere Darkneſs, unleſs it be illuminated by God: That Men are incapable even of praying well, unleſs God teaches them that Prayer, which alone can be uſeful to them.

That there is nothing ſolid and ſubſtantial but Piety; and that this is the ſource of Virtues, and that it is the Gift of God.

That 'tis better to die than ſin.

That we ought continually to be learning to die, and yet to endure Life, in Obedience to God.

That 'tis a Crime to hurt our Enemies, and to revenge ourſelves for the Injuries we have received.

That 'tis better to ſuffer Wrong than to do it.

That God is the ſole Cauſe of Good, and cannot be the Cauſe of Evil, which always proceeds only from our Diſobedience, and the ill Uſe we make of our Liberty.

That Self-love produces that Diſcord and Diviſion which reign among Men, and is the Cauſe of their Sins; that the Love of our Neighbours, which proceeds from the Love of God as its Principle, produces that ſacred Union which makes Families, Republics, and Kingdoms happy.

That

That the World is nothing but Corruption, that we ought to fly from it, to join ourſelves to God, who alone is our Health and Life; and that while we live in this World we are ſurrounded by Enemies, and have a continual Combat to endure, which requires on our Part a Reſiſtance without Intermiſſion; and that we cannot conquer, unleſs God or his Angels come to our Help.

That the WORD framed the World, and rendered it viſible; and that the Knowledge of the WORD makes us live very happily here below, and that thereby we obtain Felicity after Death

Λογος.

That the Soul is immortal, that the Dead ſhall riſe again, that there ſhall be a final Judgment both of the Righteous and the Wicked, when Men ſhall appear only with the Virtues or Vices, which ſhall be the Occaſion of their eternal Happineſs or Miſery.

Plato had ſo great and true an Idea of perfect Righteouſneſs, and was ſo thoroughly acquainted with the Corruption of Mankind, that he makes it appear, that if a Man perfectly righteous ſhould come upon Earth, he would find ſuch Oppoſition in the World, that he would be impriſoned, reviled, ſcourged, and, in fine, crucified by ſuch, who, though they were extremely wicked, would yet paſs for righteous Men. *Socrates* was the firſt Proof of this Demonſtration. For as St. *Juſtin* ſays, the Devils ſeeing this Philoſopher made their Nullity appear by the Diſcovery of the Truth, and that he endeavoured to reclaim Men from giving them religious Worſhip; theſe malicious Spirits ſo ordered the Matter by Means of Men who were corrupt, and took Pleaſure in Vice, that this righteous Man was put to Death as if he had been an impious Perſon, that lived without God in the World, and introduced new Gods.

We underſtand by the Holy Scripture, which is the

the only Lamp of Truth, that natural Religion was the firſt Uſe Men made of their Reaſon; that Luſt and irregular Paſſions having corrupted their Reaſon, they abandoned themſelves to the ſacrilegious Worſhip of Idols; and that God, to ſtop the Courſe of this Abomination, made himſelf known a ſecond Time, and gave the *Jewiſh* Law; which as it revived in the Minds of Men the Principles of the Law of Nature, ſo it promiſed a more ſacred and perfect Covenant which the Righteous were to expect, and which alone was capable of triumphing over Death; and ſo alone able to conduct Men to a glorious Immortality.

Plato ſeems to have been acquainted with the divine Conduct in this Matter, and to endeavour to reclaim the Heathens by the ſame Means.

He gives a Law which in its principal Heads is entirely conformable to the Tradition of the *Hebrews*, and the Precepts of *Moſes* and the Prophets; from whom he has borrowed that which is moſt rational and ſubſtantial in his Works.

Plato is not content to give a Teſtimony only to natural Religion and the *Jewiſh* Law, but alſo in ſome ſort pays Homage to Chriſtianity; in piercing, by a ſupernatural Light, into a Part of thoſe Shadows and Figures that covered it; and in propoſing moſt of the greateſt Motives, and glorious Objects, which it has always employed to raiſe Men above themſelves, and to make them Maſters of their Paſſions.

" A happy Immortality (ſays he) is a great Prize " ſet before us, and a great Object of Hope, which " ſhould engage us to labour all the Time of our " Life to acquire Wiſdom and Virtue.

'Tis commonly enquired on this Subject, how the Books of *Moſes* and thoſe of the Prophets could come to *Plato*'s Knowledge, and I'll declare what ſeems moſt probable to me.

After the Departure of the *Iſraelites* out of *Egypt*, they always continued their commerce with the *Egyptians*;

gyptians; the Captivity of King *Jehoachaz*, and the dwelling of the Prophets *Jeremiah* and *Baruch* in *Egypt* could not ſuffer the *Egyptians* to forget theſe Things.

About this Time *Pythagoras* travelled into *Egypt*, from whence he brought theſe Traditions into *Greece*; his Diſciples communicated them to *Socrates*, who acquainted *Plato* with them, and he, to be more perfectly inſtructed in them, went to the ſame Place, where he might ſee not only the Grand Children, but the Children of ſuch as had converſed with the Fugitives that retired thither with thoſe Prophets. In whatever Way he obtained his Knowledge, it is certain he could draw that Tradition he calls *Sacred* from no other Source. From whom unleſs from the *Hebrews*, could the *Egyptians* have a Tradition containing ſuch wonderful Doctrine, and of which never any other People had heard, before the peculiar People of God were inſtructed in it?

THE

THE INTRODUCTION TO *CRITO.*

SOCRATES, in his Apology, has furniſh'd us with an admirable Model of an honeſt Man's Defence, when unjuſtly arraign'd. And in this Dialogue, which is entitled, *Of what is to be done*, he gives us a yet more perfect Plan of the Conduct of a good Man, and the Obedience he owes to Juſtice and the Laws, even in dying when they require it, though at the ſame time it were eaſy for him to eſcape. While *Socrates* lay in Priſon, his Friends, being more concern'd for his Life, than himſelf, had retain'd the Gaoler. Every Thing was in Readineſs for accompliſhing his Eſcape; and *Crito* goes into the Priſon before Day, to tell him the good news, and perſuade him not to ſlight the precious Opportunity. *Socrates* hears him, and commends his Zeal: But before he would comply, ſtarts the queſtion, Whether it was juſt for him to depart the Priſon, without the Conſent of the *Athenians?* So that the Point to be decided in this Dialogue, is, whether a Man unjuſtly condemn'd to die, can innocently

withdraw himſelf from the Hand of Juſtice and the Law? *Socrates* was the only Man of the Age he lived in, that call'd that in queſtion; and, which is yet more ſurprizing, were he now alive, he would be the only Man in this our age. All that we ſee before our Eyes, or read of in our Hiſtories; in a Word, all the Inſtances of what Men have done through the Love of Life, and the Fear of Death, have ſo debauched our Judgments, that we are ſcarce capable to judge of what true Juſtice requires, and are apt to call every Thing juſt, that's univerſally practis'd. Now there cannot be a more capital Error. However, ſince the conduct of a *Heathen*, that choſe rather to die, than to break the Courſe of Juſtice, would ſeem to us the Effect of Folly, or ſtrong Prejudice; let's try if we can hit upon any ſolid Rule, that may reclaim us by its Authority, and convince us by its Light. The Chriſtain Religion affords a great many ſuch: But we ſhall confine ourſelves to one, which in a Sovereign Degree is juſtly intitled to both theſe Characters. St. *Paul*, being in Priſon in *Macedonia*, one Night the Priſon-Doors opened, and his Chains dropp'd off, and he was ſo far from making his Eſcape, that he hinder'd others to do it. *Peter* being impriſon'd by *Herod*, who had reſolv'd to put him to Death after the Paſſover, made his Eſcape the Night before the Day of Execution. But how did he do it? God did not content himſelf with unlocking his Chains, and opening the Priſon-Doors, but ſent an Angel, who puſh'd him on, and forc'd him to go along. This was the conduct of the Saints. Tho' the Priſon be open, they do not offer to make their Eſcape. Nothing leſs than an Angel can oblige them to depart the Priſon. *Socrates*, who was no Saint, but follow'd as cloſe as poſſible in the ſame Light that guides and illuminates the Saints, obſerves the ſame conduct: They open'd the Priſon and unty'd his Chains, but his Angel was ſilent, and he would not ſtir. He preferr'd an innocent Death before a criminal Life: But before he came to a Reſolution, he heard the Reaſons of his Friend, who ſpeaks with a great Deal of Force, and omits nothing that could move him: And after that,

with

with a Divine Eloquence, confronted him with inconteſtable Maxims, grounded upon Truth and Juſtice, in which one may trace the Rays of the Evangelical Doctrine, " viz. That we ought to ſlight the Opinions of " Men, and regard only the Judgment of God; that it is " not living, but living well, that ſhould be our wiſh; " that Juſtice is the Life, and Injuſtice the Death of the " Soul; that we ought not to injure our Enemies, or re- " ſent the Injuries we receive; that 'tis better to die, than " to ſin; that we muſt obey the Law of our Country; " that the Injuſtice of men cannot juſtify our Diſreſpect " to the Laws; and that the Laws of this World have " Siſter-Laws in the other, which revenge the Affronts " put upon 'em here."

Theſe were the principles that *Socrates* went upon. Thoſe who take the Pains to examine 'em and weigh their Conſequences, will be fully ſatisfied, not only that *Socrates* acted the Part of an honeſt Man in refuſing to make his Eſcape, but likewiſe, that he could not be a good Man if he did otherwiſe. And 'twas with this View, that *Quintilian* ſaid, This Philoſopher, by quitting the ſmall Remainder of his Life, retriev'd all the former Part of his Life, and likewiſe gain'd a Life to all Ages. 'Tis ſuch Thoughts as theſe that our Souls ſhould always have in Veiw, in Order to keep out Vice; for if once we relent and allow the Enemy to gain ſome Ground, under a ſpecious Pretence and a taking Appearance, it will quickly maſter all, and overturn all the Banks that ſhould ſtop its Courſe.

CRITO:

OR,

Of what we ought to do.

Socrates and *Crito*.

Soc. WHAT's the Matter you come here ſo ſoon, *Crito*? As I take it, 'tis very early.

Crit. 'Tis I true.

Soc. What a-Clock may it be then?

Crit. A little before the Break of Day.

Soc. I wonder that the Gaoler let you in.

Cri. He is one I know very well. I have been with him here often; and he is in ſome meaſure obliged to me.

Soc. Are you but juſt come? Or is it long ſince you came?

Crit. I have been here a pretty while.

Soc. Why did you not awaken me then when you came in?

Cri. Pray God forbid, *Socrates*. For my own Part, I would gladly ſhake off the Cares and Anxiety that keep mine Eyes from cloſing. But when I enter'd this Room, I wonder'd to find you ſo ſound aſleep, and was loath to awaken you that I might not rob you of thoſe happy Minutes. Indeed, *Socrates*, ever ſince I knew you, I have been always charmed

The Tranquillity of *Socrates* on the Eve preceding his Death.

charmed with your Patience and calm Temper; but in a diſtinguiſhing Manner in this Juncture, ſince in the Circumſtances you are in, your Eye looks ſo eaſy and unconcern'd. His Calmneſs and Patience.

Soc. Indeed, *Crito*, it would be a great Indecency in one of my Age to be apprehenſive of Death.

Crit. Ay! And how many do we ſee every Day, under the like Misfortunes, whom Age does not exempt from thoſe Fears!

Soc. That's true. But after all, what brought you hither ſo early?

Crit. I came to tell you a troubleſome Piece of News, which, tho' it may not ſeem to effect you, yet it overwhelms both me and your Relations and Friends with inſufferable Grief. In fine, I bring the moſt terrible News that ever could be brought.

Soc. What News? Is the Ship arrived from *Delos*, upon the return of which I am to die?

Crit. It is not yet arrived; but without doubt it will be here this Day, according to the Intelligence we have from ſome Perſons that come from *Sunium*, and left it there. For at that Rate, it cannot fail of being here To-day, and To-morrow you muſt unavoidably die.

Soc. Why not, *Crito?* Be it ſo, ſince 'tis the Will of God. However I do not believe that Veſſel will arrive this Day.

Crit. What do you ground that Conjecture upon?

Soc. I'll tell you: I am not to die till the Day after the Arrival of the Veſſel.

Crit. At leaſt thoſe who are to execute the Sentence ſay ſo.

Soc. That Veſſel will not arrive till To-morrow, as I conjecture from a certain Dream I had this Night, about a (*a*) Minute ago. And it ſeems to me a Happineſs, that you did not awaken me.

(*a*) He ſpeaks on this Faſhion, becauſe the dreams of the Morning were look'd upon as more diſtinct and true. *Certiora & colatiora ſomniari affirmant ſub extimis Noctibus, quaſi jam emergente animarum Vigore producto Sopore.* Tertul. de Anima.

Crit. Well what is the Dream?

Soc. I thought I ſaw a very handſom comely Woman, clad in white, come up to me, who calling me by Name, ſaid, (*b*) *In three Days thou ſhalt be in the fertile* Phthia.

Socrates's remarkable Dream. *Phthia* was *Achilles*'s Country.

Crit. That's a very ſtrange Dream, *Socrates*.

Soc. 'Tis a very ſignificant one, *Crito*.

Crit. Yes, without doubt. But for this Time, prithee, *Socrates* take my Advice and make your Eſcape. For my Part, if you die, beſides the irreproachable Loſs of a Friend, which I will ever lament, I am afraid that a great many People, who are not well acquainted neither with you nor me, will believe that I have forſaken you, in not employing my Intereſt for promoting your Eſcape, now that is in my Power. Is there any thing more ſcandalous, than to lie under the Diſrepute of being wedded to my Money more than my Friend? For, in ſhort, the People will never believe, that 'twas you who refus'd to go from hence, when we preſs'd you to be gone.

The Vulgar People can never conceive that a Man condemn'd to die will not make his Eſcape if he can.

Soc. My dear *Crito*, why ſhould we be ſo much concern'd for the Opinion of the People? Is it not enough,

(*b*) In the 9th Book of the Iliads, *Achilles* threatning to retire, ſays to *Ulyſſes*; *after To-morrow you ſhall ſee the* Helleſpont *cover'd with my Ships, and if* Neptune *afford me a happy Voyage, in three Days I ſhall arrive at the fertile* Phthia. 'Twas this laſt Verſe that *Socrates* had from the Mouth of the Woman in his Dream; for our Dreams always bear a Proportion to our *Genius's*, *Habits*, and Ways of Thinking. Nothing can be a ſtronger Evidence of the gentle and eaſy Thoughts that *Socrates* had of Death than his Application of this Paſſage, by which he repreſents Death as a fortunate Voyage to ones own Country. The *Grammarians*, who were always tied up to the Letter, were never able to point out the Beauty and Delicacy of this Paſſage: For they only turn'd it into a coarſe Idea of Death upon the Reſemblance of the Word *Phthia* with φθινειν to *corrupt*; as if a *Grecian* could ever have miſtaken φθινη for φθιτις.

that

that the more ſenſible Part, who are the only Men we ought to regard, know how the Caſe ſtands?

Crit. But you ſee, *Socrates*, there's a Neceſſity of being concern'd for the Noiſe of the Mob; for your Example is a ſufficient Inſtance, that they are capable of doing, not only ſmall, but the greateſt of Injuries, and diſplay their Paſſion in an outragious Manner, againſt thoſe who are once run down by the vulgar Opinion.

Soc. § Would to God, *Crito*, the People were capable to do the greateſt of Injuries! Were it ſo, they would likewiſe be capable of doing the greateſt Good: That would be a great Happineſs. But neither the one nor the other is poſſible. For they cannot make Men either wiſe Men or Fools.

Crit. I grant it. But pray anſwer me: Is it out of Tenderneſs to me and your other Friends, that you will not ſtir from hence? For fear, leſt upon your Eſcape we ſhould be troubled and charged with carrying you off, and by that Means be oblig'd to quit our Poſſeſſion, or pay a large Sum of Money, or elſe ſuffer ſomething more fatal than either? If that be your Fear, ſhake it off, *Socrates*, in the Name of the Gods. Is not it highly reaſonable that we ſhould purchaſe your Eſcape at the Rate of expoſing ourſelves to theſe Dangers, and greater ones, if there be Occaſion? Once more my dear *Socrates*, believe me and go along with me.

Soc. I own, *Crito*, that I have ſuch Thoughts, and ſeveral others beſides in my View.

Crit. Fear nothing I intreat you; for in the firſt Place, they require no great Sum to let you out. And on the other Hand, you ſee what a pitiful Condition † thoſe are in, who probably might arraign us: A ſmall Sum of Money will ſtop their Mouths; my Eſtate alone will ſerve for that. If you ſcruple to accept of my Of-

§ This is a noble Principle of *Socrates*. None can do the greateſt Harm, but thoſe who are able to do the greateſt Good. And this can only be attributed to God, not to Men.

† Thoſe who made Trade of accuſing at *Athens*, were a poor Sort of People, whoſe Mouths were eaſily ſtopp'd with Money.

fer,

fer, here is a great Number of Strangers, who desire nothing more than to furnish you with what Money you want. *Simmias* the *Theban* himself has brought up very considerable Sums. *Cebes* is capable of doing as much, and so are several others. Let not your Fears then stifle the Desire of making your Escape. And as for what you told me t'other Day, in the Court, that if you made your Escape, you should not know how to live; pray let not that trouble you: Whithersoever you go, you'll be beloved in all Places of the World. If you'll go to *Thessaly*, I have Friends there, who will honour you according to your Merit, and think themselves happy in supplying you with what you want, and covering you from all Occasions of Fear in their Country. Besides, *Socrates*, without doubt you are guilty of a very unjust Thing in delivering up yourself, while 'tis in your Power to make your Escape, and promoting what your Enemies so passionately wish for. For you not only betray yourself, but likewise your Children by abandoning them, when you might make a Shift to maintain and educate 'em: You are not at all concern'd at what may befal them, tho' at the same Time they are like to be in as dismal a Condition, as ever poor Orphans were. A Man ought either to have no Children, or else to expose himself to the Care and Trouble of breeding them. You seem to me to act the softest and most insensible Part in the World; whereas you ought to take up a Resolution worthy of a generous Soul; above all, you, who boast that you pursued nothing but Virtue all the Days of your Life. I tell you *Socrates*, I am asham'd upon the Account of you and your Relations, since the World will believe 'twas long of our Cowardliness that you did not get off. In the first Place, they'll charge you with standing a Trial that you might have avoided; then they'll censure your Conduct in making your Defences; and at last, which is the most shameful of all, they'll upbraid

This was the Judgment of Men; the Steadiness of *Socrates* pass'd for Lazineſs and Insensibility.

Because he did not stoop to the Judges, but spoke rather like an Accuser than a Prisoner.

upbraid us with forſaking you thro' Fear or Cowardice, ſince we did not accompliſh your Eſcape. Pray conſider of it, my dear *Socrates*; if you do not prevent the approaching Evil, you'll bear a Part in the Shame that will cover us all. Pray adviſe with yourſelf quickly. But now I think on it, there is not Time for adviſing, there's no Choice left, all muſt be put in Execution the next Night: for if we delay longer all our Meaſures will be broke. Believe me, I intreat you, and do as I bid you.

Soc. My dear *Crito*, your Good-will is very commendable, provided it agrees with right Reaſon; but if it ſwerves from that, the ſtronger it is, the more is it blame worthy. The firſt Thing to be conſider'd, is, whether we ought to do as you ſay, or not? For you know 'tis not of yeſterday that I've accuſtomed myſelf only to follow the Reaſons that appear moſt juſt, after a mature Examination. Tho' Fortune frowns upon me, yet I'll never part with the Principles I have all along profeſſed. Theſe Principles appear always the ſame, and I eſteem them equally at all Times. So, if your Advice be not backed by the ſtrongeſt Reaſons, aſſure yourſelf I will never comply, not if all the Power of the People ſhould arm itſelf againſt me, or offer to frighten me like a Child, by laying on freſh Chains, and threatning to deprive me of the greateſt Good, and oblige me to ſuffer the cruelleſt Death. Now, how ſhall we manage this Enquiry juſtly? To be ſure, the faireſt Way is to reſume what you have been ſaying of the vulgar Opinions; that is, to enquire, whether there are ſome Reports that we ought to regard, and others that are to be ſlighted; or whether the ſaying ſo is only a groundleſs and childiſh Propoſition. I have a ſtrong Deſire, upon this Occaſion, to try in your Preſence, whether this Principle will appear to me in different Colours from what it did while I was in other Circumſtances, or whether I ſhall always find it the ſame, in Order to determine me to a Compliance or Refuſal.

Reaſon and Juſtice ought to regulate our Eſtimate of the Kindneſs of Friends.

If

If I miſtake not, 'tis certain, that ſeveral Perſons who thought themſelves Men of Senſe, * have often maintained in this Place, That of all the Opinions of Men, ſome are to be regarded and others to be ſlighted. In the Name of the Gods, *Crito*, do not you think that was well ſaid? In all human Appearance, you are in no Danger of dying To-morrow: and therefore 'tis preſum'd that the Fear of the preſent Danger cannot work any Change upon you. Wherefore, pray conſider it well: Do not you think they ſpoke juſtly, who ſaid, that all the Opinions of Men are not always to be regarded, but only ſome of them; and thoſe not of all Men, but only of ſome? What do you ſay? Do not you think 'tis very true?

What Choice we ought to make of Opinions.

Crit. Very true.

Soc. At that Rate then, ought not we to eſteem the good Opinions, and ſlight the bad ones?

Crit. Ay, doubtleſs.

Soc. Are not the good Opinions then thoſe of wiſe Men, and the bad ones thoſe of Fools!

Crit. It cannot be otherwiſe.

Soc. Let's ſee then, how you will anſwer this. A Man that makes his Exerciſes, when he comes to have his Leſſon, whether ſhall he regard the Commendation or Cenſure of whoever comes firſt, or only of him that is either § a Phyſician or a Maſter?

Crit. Of the laſt to be ſure.

Soc. Then he ought to fear the Cenſure, and value the Commendation of that Man alone; and ſlight what comes from others.

Crit. Without doubt.

* This probably had been maintain'd in ſome of the former Conferences in Priſon: For *Socrates*'s Friends met every Day in the Priſon to keep him Company.

§ For they perform thoſe Exerciſes either for their Health, or elſe to improve their Dexterity and Strength: For the firſt they follow'd the Orders of a Phyſician; and for the other, they were directed by a Maſter.

Soc.

Soc. For that Reaſon, this young Man muſt neither eat nor drink, nor do any Thing, without the Orders of that Maſter, that Man of Senſe, and he is not at all to govern himſelf by the Caprices of others.

Crit. That's true.

Soc. Let's fix upon that then. But ſuppoſe he diſobeys this Maſter, and diſregards his Applauſe or Cenſure? and ſuffers himſelf to be blinded by the Careſſes and Applauſes of the ignorant Mob: will not he come to ſome Harm by this Means?

Crit. How is it poſſible it ſhould be otherwiſe?

Soc. But what will be the Nature of this Harm that will accrue to him thereupon? where will it terminate? and what Part of him will it affect?

Crit. His Body, without Doubt: for by that Means he'll ruin himſelf.

Soc. Very well, but is not the Caſe the ſame all over? Upon the Point of Juſtice or Injuſtice, Honeſty or Diſhoneſty, Good or Evil, which at preſent are the Subject of our Diſpute, ſhall we rather refer ourſelves to the Opinion of the People, than to that of an experienced wiſe Man, who juſtly challenges more Reſpect and Deference from us, than all the World beſides? And if we do not act conformably to the Opinion of this one Man, is it not certain that we ſhall ruin ourſelves, and entirely loſe that which only lives and gains new Strength by Juſtice, and periſhes only through Injuſtice? Or muſt we take all that for a Thing of no Account?

Crit. I am of your Opinion.

Soc. Take heed, I intreat you; if by following the Opinions of the Ignorant, we deſtroy that which is only preſerved by Health and waſted by Sickneſs, can we ſurvive the Corruption of that, whether it be our Body, or ſomewhat elſe?

The Soul lives only by Juſtice.

Crit. That's certain.

Soc. Can one live then after the Corruption and Deſtruction of the Body?

Crit. No, to be ſure.

Soc.

Soc. But can one ſurvive the Corruption of that which lives only by Juſtice, and dies only thro' Injuſtice? Or is this Thing (whatever it be) that has Juſtice or Injuſtice for its Object, to be leſs valued than the Body?

Crit. Not at all.

Soc. What, is it much more valuable then?

Crit. A great Deal more.

Soc. Then my dear *Crito*, we ought not to be concerned at what the People ſay, but what that ſays, who knows what's juſt and what's unjuſt: and that alone is nothing elſe but the Truth. Thus you ſee, you eſtabliſh'd falſe Principles at firſt, in ſaying that we ought to pay a Deference to the Opinions of the People, upon what is juſt, good, honeſt, and its contraries. Some perhaps will object, that the People are able to put us to Death.

In all our actions we ought only to regard the Truth, *i. e.* God, who alone is Truth itſelf.

Crit. To be ſure, they'll ſtart that Objection.

Soc. 'Tis alſo true. But that does not alter the Nature of what we were ſaying; that's ſtill the ſame. For you muſt ſtill remember, that 'tis not Life, but a good Life that we ought to court.

To live is nothing, but to live well is all in all.

Crit. That's a certain Truth.

Soc. But is it not likewiſe certain, that this good Life conſiſts in nothing elſe but Honeſty and Juſtice!

A good Life conſiſts only in Honeſty and Juſtice.

Crit. Yes.

Soc. Now, before we go farther, let's examine upon the Principles you've agreed to, whether my Departure from hence without the Permiſſion of the *Athenians*, is juſt or unjuſt. If it be found juſt, we muſt do our utmoſt to bring it about; but if 'tis unjuſt, we muſt lay aſide the Deſign. For as to the Conſiderations you alledged juſt now, of Money, Reputation, and Family; theſe are only the Thoughts of the baſer Mob, who put innocent Perſons to Death, and would afterwards bring 'em to Life, if 'twere poſſible. But as for us who bend our

A Character of the Mob,

our Thoughts another Way, all that we are to mind, is whether we do a juſt Thing in giving Money, and lying under an Obligation to thoſe who promote our Eſcape; or whether both we and they do not commit a Piece of Injuſtice in ſo doing? If this be an unjuſt Thing, we need not reaſon much upon the Point, ſince 'tis better to abide here and die, than to undergo ſomewhat more terrible than Death.

Death is preferable to the Commiſſion of an unjuſt Thing.

Crit. You are in the right of that, *Socrates*; let's ſee then how it will fall.

Soc. We ſhall go hand in hand in the Enquiry. If you have any Thing of weight to anſwer, pray do it when I have ſpoken, that ſo I may comply; if not, pray forbear any farther to preſs me to go from hence without the Conſent of the *Athenians*. I ſhall be infinitely glad if you can perſuade me to do it; but I cannot do it without being firſt convinced. Take Notice then whether my way of purſuing this Enquiry ſatisfies you, and do your utmoſt to make anſwer to my Queſtions.

Crit. I will.

Soc. Is it true, that we ought not to do an unjuſt Thing to any Man? Or is it lawful in any Meaſure to do it to one, when we are forbid to do it to another? Or, is it not abſolutely true, that all Manner of Injuſtice is neither good nor honeſt, as we were ſaying but now? Or, in fine, are all theſe Sentiments which we formerly entertained, vaniſhed in a few Days? And is it poſſible, *Crito*, that thoſe of Years, our moſt ſerious Conferences, ſhould reſemble thoſe of Children, and we at the ſame Time not be ſenſible that 'tis ſo? Ought we not rather to ſtand to what we have ſaid, as being a certain Truth, that all Injuſtice is ſcandalous and fatal to the Perſon that commits it; let Men ſay what they will, and let our Fortune be never ſo good or bad?

Difference of Times and Perſons will not juſtify the doing Injuſtice to any Man.

Injuſtice is ſcandalous and fatal to him that is guilty of it.

Crit. That's certain.

Soc. Then we muſt avoid the leaſt Meaſure of Injuſtice?

Crit. Moſt certainly.

Soc. Since we are to avoid the leaſt Degree of it, then we ought not to do it to thoſe who are unjuſt to us, notwithſtanding that this People think it lawful?

Crit. So I think.

Soc. But what! ought we to do Evil or not?

Crit. Without Doubt we ought not.

'Tis unjuſt to do Evil for Evil.

Soc. But is it Juſtice, to repay Evil with Evil, purſuant to the Opinion of the People, or is it unjuſt?

Crit. 'Tis highly unjuſt.

Soc. Then there's no Difference between doing Evil and being unjuſt?

Crit. I own it.

Soc. Then we ought not to do the leaſt Evil or Injuſtice to any Man, let him do by us as he will. But take heed, *Crito*, that by this Conceſſion you do not ſpeak againſt your own Sentiments. For I know very well, there are few that will go this length: and 'tis impoſſible for thoſe who vary in their Sentiments upon this Point to agree well together. Nay, on the contrary, the Contempt of one another's Opinions, leads 'em to a reciprocal Contempt of one another's Perſons. Conſider well then if you are of the ſame Opinion with me; and let us ground our Reaſonings upon this Principle, That we ought not to do Evil for Evil, or treat thoſe unjuſtly who are unjuſt to us. For my Part, I never did, nor never will entertain any other Principle. Tell me then if you have chang'd your Mind; if not, give ear to what follows.

Socrates owns that few will grant this Truth, that we ought not to ſeek Revenge, or repay Evil for Evil.

Crit. I give Ear.

Soc. Well: a Man that has made a juſt Promiſe, ought he to keep it, or to break it?

Crit. He ought to keep it.

Soc.

Soc. If I go from hence without the Conſent of the *Athenians*, ſhall not I injure ſome People, and eſpecially thoſe who do not deſerve it? Or ſhall we in this follow what we think equally juſt to every body?

It is a viſible Wrong to the Laws and the State.

Crit. I cannot anſwer you, for I do not underſtand you.

Soc. Pray take Notice: when we put ourſelves in a Way of making our Eſcape, or going from hence, or how you pleaſe to call it, ſuppoſe the Law and the Republick ſhould preſent themſelves in a Body before us, and accoſt us in this Manner: "*Socrates*, "what are you going to do? To put "in Execution what you now deſign, "were wholly to ruin the Laws and "the Sate. Do you think a City can "ſubſiſt when Juſtice has not only loſt "its Force, but is likewiſe perverted, overturned, and "trampled under Foot by private Perſons?" What Anſwer could we make to ſuch and many other Queſtions? For what is it that an Orator cannot ſay upon the Overturning of that Law, which provides that Sentences once pronounced ſhall not be infring'd? Shall we anſwer, that the Republick has judged amiſs, and paſſed an unjuſt Sentence upon us? Shall that be our Anſwer?

Socrates introduces the Laws and the State ſpeaking to him.

The ordinary Anſwer of thoſe who trample under Foot Juſtice and the Laws.

Crit. Ah, without any Scruple, *Socrates*.

Soc. What will the Laws ſay then? "*Socrates*, is it "not true, that you agreed with us to "ſubmit yourſelf to a publick Trial" And if we ſhould ſeem to be ſurprized at ſuch Language, they'll continue perhaps, "Be not ſurprized, *Socrates*, but make Anſwer, for "you yourſelf uſed to inſiſt upon Queſtion and Anſwer. "Tell then what Occaſion you have to complain of the "Republick and of us, that you are ſo eager upon de-

A Refutation of that Plea.

" ſtroying it? * Are not we the Authors of your Birth? " Is not it by our means that your Father married her " who brought your forth? What Fault can you find with " the Laws we eſtabliſhed as to Marriage?" Nothing at all, ſhould I anſwer. " As to the nouriſhing and bring- " ing up of Children, and the Manner of your Education, " are not the Laws juſt that we enacted upon that Head, " by which we obliged your Father to bring you up to " Muſick and the Exerciſes!" Very juſt, I'd ſay. Since you were born, brought up, and educated under our Influence, durſt you maintain that you are not our Nurſe-Child and Subject as well as your Father? And if you are, do you think to have equal Power with us, as if it were lawful for you to inflict upon us all we enjoin you to undergo? But ſince you cannot lay claim to any ſuch Right againſt your Father or your Maſter, ſo as to repay Evil for Evil, Injury for Injury, how can you think to obtain that Privilege againſt your Country and the Laws, inſomuch that if we endeavour to put you to Death, you'll counteract us, by endeavouring to prevent us, and to ruin your Country and its Law? Can you call ſuch an Action juſt, you that are an inſeparable Follower of true Virtue?

The Regard we ought to have to our Country.

Are you ignorant that your Country is more conſiderable, and more worthy of Reſpect and Veneration before God and Man than your Father, Mother, and all your Relations together? That you ought to honour your Country, yield to it, and humour it more than an angry Father? That you muſt either reclaim it by your Counſel, or obey its Injunctions, and ſuffer without grumbling all that it impoſes upon you? If it orders you to be whipp'd, or laid in Irons, if it ſends you to the Wars, there to ſpend your Blood, you ought to do it without demurring; you muſt not ſhake off the Yoke, or flinch or quit your Poſt; but in the

* This is an admirable Way of making out the Obligation of all Men to obey the Laws of their Country, by Virtue of the Treaty made between 'em.

Army,

Army, in Priſon, and every where elſe, ought equally to obey the Orders of your Country, or elſe aſſiſt it with wholſom Counſel. For if offering Violence to a Father or a Mother be a Piece of grand Impiety, to put a Force upon one's Country is a much greater. What ſhall we anſwer to all this, *Crito?* Shall we acknowledge the Truth of what the Laws advance?

Crit. How can we avoid it?

Soc. Do you ſee then, *Socrates*, (continue they) what Reaſon we have to brand your Enterprize againſt us as unjuſt? Of us you hold your Birth, your Maintenance, your Education; in fine, we have done you all the Good we are capable of, as well as the other Citizens. Indeed, we do not fail to make publick Proclamation, that 'tis lawful for every private Man, if he does not find his Account in the Laws and Cuſtoms of our Republick, after a mature Examination, to retire with all his Effects whither he pleaſes. And if any of you cannot comply with our Cuſtoms, and deſires to remove and live elſewhere, not one of us ſhall hinder him, he may go where he pleaſes. But on the other Hand, if any one of you continues to live here, after he has conſidered our Way of adminiſtring Juſtice, and the Policy obſerved in the State, then, we ſay, he is in Effect obliged to obey all our Commands, and we maintain that his Diſobedience is unjuſt on a three-fold Account; for not obeying thoſe to whom he owes his Birth; for trampling under Foot thoſe that educated him; and for violating his Faith after he engaged to obey us, and not taking the Pains to make Remonſtrances to us, if we happen to do any unjuſt Thing. For notwithſtanding that we only propoſe Things without uſing any Violence to procure Obedience, and give every Man his Choice either to obey us, or reclaim us by his Counſel or Remonſtrances, yet he does neither the one nor the other. And we maintain, *Socrates*, that if you execute what you are now about, you will ſtand charged with all theſe Crimes, and that in a much higher Degree than if another private Man had committed the ſame Injuſtice. If I aſked 'em the Reaſon, without doubt they'd ſtop my Mouth by telling me, that I ſubmitted my-

ſelf in a diſtinguiſhing Manner to all theſe Conditions. And we, (continue they) have great Evidence that you were always pleaſed with us and the Republick; for if this City had not been more agreeable to you than any other, you had never continued in it, no more than the other *Athenians*. None of the Shews could ever tempt you to go out of the City, except once, that you went to ſee the * Games at the *Iſthmus*: You never went any where elſe, excepting your Military Expeditions, and never undertook a Voyage, as others are wont to do. You never had the Curioſity to viſit other Cities, or enquire after other Laws, as being contented with us and our Republick. You always made a diſtinguiſhing Choice of us, and on all Occaſions teſtified that you ſubmitted with all your Heart to live according to our Maxims. Beſides, you having had Children in this City is an infallible Evidence that you like it. In fine, in this very laſt Juncture you might have been ſentenced to Baniſhment if you would, and might then have done, with the Conſent of the Republick, what you now attempt without their Permiſſion. But you were ſo ſtately, ſo unconcerned at Death, that in your own Terms you preferr'd Death to Baniſhment. But now you have no Regard to theſe fine Words, you are not further concerned for the Laws, ſince you are going to overturn them. You do juſt what a pitiful Slave would offer to do, by endeavouring to make your Eſcape contrary to the Laws of the Treaty you have ſign'd. by which you obliged yourſelf to live according to our Rules. Pray anſwer us: Did not we ſay right in affirming that you agreed to this Treaty. and ſubmitted yourſelf to theſe Terms not only in Words, but in

i. e. So as to follow them.

For if he had ſentenced himſelf to Baniſhment, the *Athenians* had confirmed it.

All our Actions conformable to the Laws of a Country, are ſo many Ratifications of the Treaty made with it.

* Theſe Games were celebrated at the *Iſthmus* of *Corinth* to the Honour of *Neptune* every three Years, after they were received by *Theſeus*.

Deeds?

Deeds? What ſhall we ſay to all this, *Crito?* And what can we do elſe but ackowledge that 'tis ſo?

Crit. How can we avoid it, *Socrates?*

Soc. What elſe then, continue they, is this Action of yours but a Violation of that Treaty, and all its Terms? That Treaty that you were not made to ſign either by Force or Surprize, not without Time to think on it: For you had the whole Courſe of your ſeventy Years to have removed in, if you had been diſſatisfied with us, or unconvinced of the Juſtice of our Propoſals. You neither pitched upon *Lacedæmon* nor *Crete*, notwithſtanding that you always cried up their Laws; nor any of the other *Grecian* Cities, or ſtrange countries. You have been leſs out of *Athens* than the Lame and the Blind; which is an invincible Proof that the City pleaſed you in a diſtinguiſhing Manner, and conſequently that we did, ſince a City can never be agreeable if its Laws are not ſuch. And yet at this Time you counter-act the Treaty. But, if you will take our Advice, *Socrates*, we would have you to ſtand to your Treaty, and not expoſe yourſelf to be ridiculed by the Citizens, by ſtealing out from hence. Pray conſider what Advantage can redound either to you or your Friends, by perſiſting in that goodly Deſign: Your Friends will infallibly be either expoſed to Danger or baniſhed their Country, or have their Eſtates forfeited. And as for yourſelf, if you retire to any neighbouring City, ſuch as *Thebes* or *Megara*, which are admirably well governed, you'll there be looked upon as an Enemy. All that have any love for their Country will look upon you as a Corrupter of the Laws: Beſides, you'll fortify in them the good Opinion they have of your Judges, and move them to approve the Sentence given againſt you: For a Corrupter of the Law will at any Time paſs for a Debaucher of the Youth, and of the vulgar People. What, will you keep out of theſe well-governed Cities, and theſe Aſſemblies of juſt Men? But pray will you have enough to live upon in that Condition? Or will you have the Face to go and live with them? And pray what will you ſay to 'em, *Socrates?* Will you preach to them, as you did here, that Virtue,

Juſtice,

Juſtice, the Laws, and Ordinances ought to be reverenced by Men? Do not you think that this will ſound very ridiculous in their Ears? You ought to think ſo. But perhaps you'll quickly leave theſe well-governed Cities, and go to * *Theſſaly* to *Crito*'s Friends where there is leſs Order, and more Licentiouſneſs; and doubtleſs in that Country they'll take a ſingular Pleaſure in hearing you relate in what Equipage you made your Eſcape from this Priſon, that is, covered with ſome old Rags, or a Beaſt's Skin, or diſguiſed ſome other way, as Fugitives are wont to be. Every body will ſay, This old Fellow, that has ſarce any Time to live, had ſuch a ſtrong Paſſion for living, that he did not ſtand to purchaſe his Life by trampling under Foot the moſt ſacred Laws. Such Stories will be bandied about of you at a Time when you offend no Man; but upon the leaſt Occaſion of Complaint, they'll teaze you with a thouſand other Reproaches, unworthy of you. You'll ſpend your Time in ſneaking and inſinuating yourſelf into the Favour of all Men, one after another, and owning an equal Subjection to 'em all. For what can you do? Will you feaſt perpetually in *Theſſaly*, as if the good Cheer had drawn you thither? But what will become then of all your fine Diſcourſes upon Juſtice and Virtue? Beſides, if you deſign to preſerve your Life for the Sake of your Children; that cannot be in Order to bring 'em up in *Theſſaly*, as if you could do 'em no other Service but make 'em Strangers. Or if you deſign to leave 'em here, do you imagine that during your Life they'll be better brought up here, in your Abſence, under the Care of your Friends? But will not your Friends take the ſame Care of 'em after your Death that they'd do in your Abſence? You ought to be perſuaded that all thoſe who call themſelves your Friends, will at all Times do them all the Service they can. To conclude, *Socrates*, ſubmit yourſelf to our Reaſons,

* *Theſſaly* was the Country where Licentiouſneſs and Debauchery reign'd, and accordingly *Xenophon* obſerves, that 'twas there that *Critias* was ruin'd.

follow the Advice of thoſe who brought you up, and do not put your Children, your Life, or any Thing whatſoever, in the Balance with Juſtice; to the end, that when you arrive before the Tribunal of *Pluto*, you may be able to clear yourſelf before your Judges. For do not you deceive yourſelf? If you perform what you now deſign, you'll neither better your own Cauſe, nor that of your Party; you will neither enlarge its Juſtice nor Sanctity either here or in the Regions below. But if you die bravely, you owe your Death to the Injuſtice, not of the Laws, but of Men: Whereas if you make your Eſcape by repulſing ſo ſhamefully the Injuſtice of your Enemies, by violating at once both your own Faith and our Treaty, and injuring ſo many innocent Perſons as yourſelf, your Friends, and your Country, together with us; we will ſtill be your Enemies, as long as you live: And when your are dead, our Siſters, the Laws in the other World, will certainly afford you no joyful Reception, as knowing that you endeavoured to ruin us. Wherefore do not prefer *Crito*'s Counſel to ours.

The Laws are juſt, and Injuſtice comes from Men.

Methinks, my dear *Crito*, I hear what I have now ſpoke, juſt as † the Prieſts of *Cybele* fancy they hear the Cornets and Flutes; and the Sound of theſe Words makes ſo ſtrong an Impreſſion in my Ears, that it ſtops me from hearing any Thing elſe. Theſe are the Sentiments I like; and all you can ſay to take me off of

†*Socrates* means, that all theſe Truths make no ſlight Impreſſion upon him, but pierce him, and inſpire him with an Ardour, or rather a holy Fury, that ſtops his Ears from hearing any Thing to the Contrary. The Sound of the Cornets and Flutes of the Prieſts of *Cybele* inſpir'd the Audience with Fury; and why ſhould the Sound of Divine Truths fall ſhort of the ſame Virtue, and leave their Hearers in a lukewarm Indifferency? This Temper of *Socrates* juſtifies and explains what *Diogenes* ſaid of him: When ſomebody aſk'd *Diogenes* what he thought of *Socrates?* He anſwer'd, *That he was a mad Man;* for *Socrates* ſhew'd an incredible Warmth in purſuing whatever he took to be juſt.

them

hem will be to no purpoſe. However, if you think to ſuceeded, I do not hinder you from ſpeaking.

Crit. I have nothing to ſay, *Socrates*.

Soc. Then be eaſy, and let us bravely run this Courſe, ſince God calls and conducts us to it.

THE

THE INTRODUCTION TO *PHEDON.*

SOCRATES in his *Apology*, and in his *Crito*, teaches us how we ought to form our Lives; and he inſtructs us how to die, and what Thoughts to entertain at the Hour of Death. By explaining his own Views and Deſigns, which were the Springs of all his actions, he furniſhes us with a Proof of the moſt important of all Truths, and of that which ought to regulate our Life. For the Immortality of the Soul is a Point of ſuch Importance, that it includes all the Truths of Religion, and all the Motives that ought to excite and direct us. So that our firſt Duty is to ſatisfy ourſelves in this point: Self-Love and mere human Intereſt ought to ſpur us up to underſtand it; not to ſpeak, that there is not a more fatal Condition than to be ignorant of the Nature of Death, which appears as terrible as unavoidable: for according to the Notion we have of it, we may draw Conſequences directly oppoſite, for managing the Conduct of our Lives, and the Choice of our Pleaſures.

Socrates

Socrates ſpends the laſt Day of his Life in diſcourſing with his Friends upon this great Subject: he unfolds all the Reaſons that require the Belief of the Immortality of the Soul, and refutes all the Objections they moved to the Contrary, which are the very ſame that are made uſe of at this Day. He demonſtrates the Hope they ought to have of a happier Life; and lays before them all that this bleſſed Hope requires to make it ſolid and laſting, to prevent their being deluded by a vain Hope, and after all, Meeting with the Puniſhment allotted to the Wicked, inſtead of the Rewards provided for the Good.

This Conference was occaſioned by a Truth that was caſually ſtarted, *viz.* That a true Philoſopher ought to deſire to die, and to endeavour it. This poſition taken literally, ſeemed to inſinuate, that a Philoſopher might lay violent Hands on himſelf. But *Socrates* makes it out, that there's nothing more unjuſt; and that for ſo much as Man is God's Creature and Property, he ought not to remove out of this Life without his Orders. What ſhould it be then that made the Philoſopher have ſuch a Love for Death *? What is the Ground of this Hope? Here we are preſented with the Grounds aſſign'd by a Heathen Philoſopher, *viz.* Man is born to know the Truth, but he can never attain to a perfect Knowledge of it in this Life, by reaſon that his Body is an Obſtacle: perfect Knowledge is reſerved for the Life to come. Then the Soul muſt be immortal, ſince after Death it operates and knows. As for Man's being born for the Knowledge of Truth, that cannot be called in Queſtion, ſince he was born to know God.

From thence it follows, that a true Philoſopher hates and contemns this Body, which ſtands in the Way of his Union to God; that he wiſhes to be rid of it, and looks upon Death as a Paſſage to a better Life. This ſolid Hope gives Being to that true Temperance and Valour which is the Lot of true Philoſophers; for other

* It could be nothing but the Hope of the good Things he expected in another Life.

Men

Men are only valiant thro' Fear, and temperate thro' Intemperance: their Virtue is only a Slave to Vice.

They object to *Socrates*, that the Soul is nothing but a Vapour that vaniſhes and diſperſes itſelf at Death. *Socrates* combates that Opinion with an Argument that has a great deal of Strength in his Mouth, but becomes much ſtronger when ſupported by the true Religion, which alone can ſet it in its full Light. The Argument is this: In Nature, Contraries produce their Contraries. So that Death being an Operation of Nature, ought to produce Life, that being its Contrary; and by Conſequence the Dead muſt be born again: the Soul then is not dead, ſince it muſt revive the Body.

Before we proceed farther, 'tis fit to take Notice of an Error that is couched under this Principle, which only the Chriſtian Religion can at once diſcover and refute. 'Tis, that *Socrates*, and all other Philoſophers, are infinitely miſtaken in making Death a natural Thing. There's nothing more falſe. Death is ſo far from being natural, that Nature abhors it; and it was far from the Deſign of God in the State in which Man was firſt created. For he created him holy, innocent, and by Conſequence immortal; 'twas only Sin that brought Death into the World. But this fatal League betwixt Sin and Death could not triumph over the Deſigns of God, who had created Man for Immortality. He knew how to ſnatch the Victory out of their Hands, by bringing Man to Life again, even in the Shades and Horrors of Death itſelf. Thus ſhall the Dead revive at the Reſurrection, purſuant to the Doctrine of the Chriſtians, which teaches that Death muſt give up thoſe whom it has ſwallowed down. So that the Principle that *Socrates* did not fully comprehend, is an unſhaken Truth, which bears the Marks of the ancient Tradition that the Heathens had alter'd and corrupted.

The third Argument alledg'd by *Socrates* as a Proof of the Immortality of the Soul, is that of Remembrance; which likewiſe bears the Marks of that antient Tradition corrupted by the Heathens. To find out the Truth

couched under this Argument, I advance the following Conjectures.

It ſeems the Philoſophers grounded this Opinion of Remembrance upon ſome Texts of the Prophets, that they did not well underſtand; ſuch as that of *Jeremiah*, *Before I formed thee in the Belly, I knew thee.* And perhaps their Opinion was fortified by the Ideas and Inſtinct we have of ſeveral Things that were never learnt in this World. In ſhort, we meet with unqueſtionable Marks of certain Reſentments that revive ſome Lights within our Minds, or the Remains of a paſt Grandeur that we loſt by Sin. And from whence do thoſe proceed? That inexplicable Cypher has no other Key but the Knowledge of Original Sin. Our Soul was created ſo as to be adorned with all Manner of Knowledge ſuitable to its Nature; and now is ſenſible of its being depriv'd of the ſame. The Philoſophers felt this Miſery, and were not admitted to know the true Cauſe; in order to unriddle the Myſtery, they invented this Creation of Souls before the Body, and a Remembrance that is the Conſequence thereof. But we who are guided by a ſurer Light, know, that if Man were not degenerate, he would ſtill enjoy the full Knowledge of the Truths he formerly knew; and if he had never been any other than corrupted, he would have had no Ideas of theſe Truths. This unties the Knot. Man had Knowledge before he was corrupted, and after his Corruption forgot it. He can recover nothing but confuſed Ideas, and ſtands in Need of a new Light to illuminate them. No human Reaſon could have fathomed this. It faintly unravelled Part of the Myſtery as well as it could, and the Explication it gave diſcovers ſome Footſteps of the ancient Truth: for it points both to the firſt State of Happineſs and Knowledge, and to the ſecond of Miſery and Obſcurity. Thus may we make an uſeful Application of the Doctrine of Remembrance, and the Errors of Philoſophers may oftentimes ſerve to eſtabliſh the moſt incomprehenſible Truths of the Chriſtian Religion, and ſhew that the Heathens did not want Traditions relating to them.

The

The fourth Argument is taken from the Nature of the Soul. Deſtruction reaches only compounded Bodies: But we may clearly perceive, that the Soul is ſimple and immaterial, and bears a Reſemblance of ſomething divine, immortal, and intelligent: for it embraces the pure Eſſence of Things; it meaſures all by Ideas which are eternal Patterns, and unites itſelf to them when the Body does not hinder it: ſo that 'tis ſpiritual, indiſſoluble, and conſequently immortal, as being not capable of Diſſolution by an other Means than the Will of him who created it.

Notwithſtanding the Force of theſe Proofs, and their Tendency to keep up this Hope in the Soul, *Socrates* and his Friends own, that 'tis almoſt impoſſible to ward off Doubts and Uncertainties: for our Reaſon is too weak and degenerate to arrive at the full Knowledge of Truth in this World. So that 'tis a wiſe Man's Buſineſs to chuſe from amongſt thoſe Arguments of the Philoſophers, for the Immortality of the Soul, that which to him ſeems beſt, and moſt forcible, and capable to conduct him ſafely thro' the dangerous ſhelves of this Life, till he obtain a full Aſſurance either of ſome Promiſe, or by ſome Divine Revelation; for that is the only Veſſel that is ſecure from Danger. By this the moſt refined Paganiſm pays Homage to the Chriſtian Religion, and all Colour or Excuſe for Incredulity is took off: For the Chriſtian Religion affords Promiſes, Revelations, and, which is yet more conſiderable, the Accompliſhment of them.

They moved two Objections to *Socrates*: One, that the Soul is only the Harmony reſulting from the juſt Proportion of the Qualities of the Body: The other, that tho' the Soul be more durable than the Body, yet it dies at laſt, after having made uſe of ſeveral Bodies; juſt as a Man dies after he has worn ſeveral Suits of Clothes.

Socrates, before he makes any Anſwer, ſtops a little, and deplores the Misfortune of Men, who by hearing the Diſputes of the Ignorant, that contradict every Thing, perſuade themſelves that there's no ſuch Thing as clear,

ſolid, and ſenſible Reaſons, but that every Thing is uncertain. Like as thoſe who being cheated by Men, become Men-haters; ſo they being impoſed upon by Arguments, become haters of Reaſon; that is, they take up an abſolute Hatred againſt all Reaſon in general, and will not hear any Argument. *Socrates* makes out the Injuſtice of this Procedure. He ſhews, that when two Things are equally uncertain, Wiſdom directs us to chuſe that which is moſt advantageous with the leaſt Danger. Now, beyond all Diſpute, ſuch is the Immortality of the Soul; and therefore it ought to be embraced. For if this Opinion prove true after our Death, are not we conſiderable Gainers? And if it prove falſe, what do we loſe?

Then he attacks that Objection which repreſents the Soul as a Harmony, and refutes it by ſolid and convincing Arguments, which at the ſame Time prove the Immortality of the Soul.

His Arguments are theſe: Harmony always depends upon the Parts that conſpire together, and is never oppoſite to them; but the Soul has no Dependance upon the Body, and always ſtands on the oppoſite Side. Harmony admits of leſs and more, but the Soul does not: from whence it would follow, that all Souls ſhould be equal, that none of 'em are vicious, and that the Souls of Beaſts are equally good, and of the ſame Nature with thoſe of Men: which is contrary to all Reaſon.

In Muſick, the Body commands the Harmony: But in Nature, the Soul commands the Body. In Muſick, the Harmony can never give a Sound contrary to the particular Sounds of the Parts that bend or unbend, or move: but in Nature the Soul has a contrary Sound to that of the Body; it attacks all its Paſſions and Deſires; it checks, curbs, and puniſhes the Body. So that it muſt needs be of a very different and oppoſite Nature; which proves its Spirituality and Divinity. For nothing but what is ſpiritual and divine can be wholly oppoſite to what is material and earthly.

The

The ſecond Objection was, That tho' the Soul might outlive the Body, yet that does not conclude its Immortality; ſince we know nothing to the contrary, but that it dies at laſt, after having animated the Body ſeveral Times.

In anſwer to this Objection, *Socrates* ſays he muſt trace the firſt Original of the Being and Corruption of Entities. If that be once agreed upon, we ſhall find no Difficulty in determining what Things are corruptible and what not. But what Path ſhall we follow in this Enquiry? Muſt it be that of Phyſicks? Theſe Phyſicks are ſo uncertain, that inſtead of being inſtructive, they only blind and miſlead us. This he makes out from his own Experience. So that there's a Neceſſity of going beyond this Science, and having Recourſe to Metaphyſicks, which alone can afford us the certain Knowledge of the Reaſons and Cauſes of Beings, and of that which conſtitutes their Eſſences. For Effects may be diſcovered by their Cauſes; but the Cauſes can never be known by their Effects. And upon this Account we muſt have Recourſe to the divine Knowledge, which *Anaxagoras* was ſo ſenſible of, that he uſher'd in his Treatiſe of Phyſicks by this great Principle, that Knowledge is the Cauſe of Being. But inſtead of keeping up to that Principle, he fell in again with that of ſecond Cauſes, and by that Means deceived the Expectation of his Hearers.

In Order to make out the Immortality of the Soul, we muſt correct this Order of *Anaxagoras*, and ſound to the Bottom of the abovementioned Principle: which if we do, we ſhall be ſatisfied that God placed every thing in the moſt convenient State. Now this beſt and moſt ſuitable State muſt be the Object of our Enquiry. To which Purpoſe we muſt know wherein the particular Good of every particular Thing conſiſts, and what the general Good of all Things is. The Diſcovery will make out the Immortality of the Soul.

In this View *Socrates* raiſes his Thoughts to immaterial Qualities, and eternal Ideas: that is, he affirms that there's ſomething that is in itielf good, fine, juſt, and

great, which is the firſt Cauſe; and that all Things in this World that are good, fine, juſt or great, are only ſuch by the Communication of that firſt Cauſe; ſince there is no other Cauſe of the Exiſtence of Things, but the Participation of the Eſſence proper to each Subject.

This Participation is ſo contrived, that Contraries are never found in the ſame Subject. From which Principle it follows by a neceſſary Conſequence, that the Soul, which gives Life to the Body, not as an accidental Form that adheres to it, but as a ſubſtantial Form, ſubſiſting in itſelf, and living formally by itſelf, as the corporeal Idea, and effectually enlivening the Body, can never be ſubject to Death, that being the Oppoſite of Life: and that the Soul being uncapable of dying, cannot be worſted by an Attack of this Enemy: and is in Effect imperiſhable, like the immaterial Qualities, Juſtice, Fortitude, and Temperance: but with this Difference, that theſe immaterial Qualities ſubſiſt independently and of themſelves, as being the ſame Thing with God himſelf; whereas the Soul is a created Being, that may be diſſolv'd by the Will of its Creator. In a Word, the Soul ſtands in the ſame Relation to the Life of the Body, that the Idea of God does to the Soul.

The only Objection they could invent upon this Head, was, that the Greatneſs of the Subject, and Man's natural Infirmity, are the two Sources of Man's Diſtruſt and Incredulity upon this Head. Whereupon *Socrates* endeavours to dry up thoſe two Sources.

He attacks their Diſtruſt, by ſhewing, that the Opinion of the Soul's Mortality, ſuits all the Ideas of God. For, by this Mortality, Virtue would be prejudicial to Men of Probity, and Vice beneficial to the Wicked; which cannot be imagined. So that there's a Neceſſity of another Life for rewarding the Good, and puniſhing the Bad. And the Soul being immortal, carries along with it into the other World its good and bad Actions, its Virtues and Vices, which are the Occaſion of its eternal Happineſs or Miſery. From whence by a neceſſary Conſequence, we may gather what Care we ought to have of it in this Life.

To

To put a Sop to the Torrent of Incredulity, he has recourſe to two Things, which naturally demand a great Deference from Man, and cannot be denied without a viſible Authority. The firſt is, the Ceremonies and Sacrifices of Religion itſelf, which are only Repreſentations of what would be put in Execution in Hell. The other is, the Authority of Antiquity, which maintain'd the Immortality of the Soul: in purſuit of which, he mentions ſome ancient Traditions, that point to the Truth publiſhed by *Moſes* and the Prophets, notwithſtanding the Fables that overwhelm them. Thus we ſee, a Pagan ſupplies the want of Proof, which is too natural to Man, and ſilences the moſt obſtinate Prejudices, by having recourſe to the Oracles of God, which they were in ſome Meaſure acquainted with; and by ſo doing, makes anſwer to *Simmias*, who had objected, that the Doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul ſtood in Need of ſome Promiſe or divine Revelation to procure its Reception. Tho' ſome blinded Chriſtians reject the Authority of our Holy Writ, and refuſe to ſubmit to it; yet we ſee a Pagan had ſo much Light as to make Uſe of it to ſupport his Faith, if I may ſo ſpeak, and to ſtrengthen his ſweet Hope of a bleſſed Eternity. He ſhews that he knew how to diſtinguiſh the fabulous Part of a Tradition from the Truth, and affirms nothing but what is conformable to the Scriptures, particularly the laſt Judgment of the Good and the Bad; the neceſſary Purgation of thoſe who depart this Life under a Load of Sin; the eternal Torments of thoſe who committed mortal Sins in this Life, the Pardon of Venial Sins after Satisfaction and Repentance; the Happineſs of thoſe who during the whole Courſe of their Lives renounced the Pleaſures of the Body, and only courted the Pleaſure of true Knowledge, that is, the Knowledge of God; and beautified their Souls with proper Ornaments, ſuch as Temperance, Juſtice, Fortitude, Liberty, and Truth. He does not joke upon the groundleſs *Metempſychoſis*, or return of Souls to animate Bodies in this Life; but ſpeaks ſeriouſly, and ſhews that after Death all's over, the Wicked are thrown for ever into the bottomleſs Abyſs,

and

and the Righteous conveyed to the Manſions of Bliſs. Thoſe who are neither righteous nor wicked, but committed Sins in this Life, which they always repented of, are committed to Places of Torment, till they be ſufficiently purified.

When *Socrates* made an End of his Diſcourſe, his Friends aſked what Orders he would give concerning his Affairs. "The only Orders I give, replied he, is to "take Care of yourſelves, and to make yourſelves as like "to God as poſſible." Then they aſked him, how he would be interred? This Queſtion offended him. He would not have himſelf confounded with his Corps, which was only to be interred. And tho' the Expreſſion ſeems to import little, he ſhew'd that ſuch falſe Expreſſions gave very dangerous Wounds to the Souls of Men.

He goes and bathes. His Wife and Children are brought to him. He talks to 'em a Minute, and then diſmiſſes them. Upon his coming out of the Bath, the Cup it preſented to him. He takes it, recollects his Thoughts within himſelf, prays, and drinks it off with an admirable Tranquillity of Mind. Finding that he approached his End, he gave 'em to know that he reſigned his Soul into the Hands of him who gave it, and of the true Phyſician who was coming to heal it. This was the Exit of *Socrates*. Paganiſm never afforded ſuch an admirable Example. And yet a certain modern Author is ſo ignorant of its Beauty, that he places it infinitely below that of *Petronius*, the famous Diſciple of *Epicurus*. "He did not employ the laſt Hours of his Life, ſays that "Author, in diſcourſing of the Immortality of the Soul, "&c. but having choſe a more pleaſurable and natural "Sort of Death, imitated the Sweetneſs of the Swans, "and cauſed ſome agreeable and touching Verſes to be "recited to him. *This was a fine Imitation. It ſeems* "Petronius *ſung what they read to him. But this was* "*not all.* Nevertheleſs, *continues he*, he reſerved ſome "Minutes for thinking of his Affairs, and diſtributed Re- "wards to ſome of his Slaves, and he puniſhed ſome "others.

"Let

" Let them talk of *Socrates*, ſays he, and boaſt of " his Conſtancy and Bravery in drinking up the Poi- " ſon! *Petronius* is not behind him; nay, he is juſt- " ly entitled to a Preference upon the Score of forſaking " a Life infinitely more delightful than that of the ſage " *Grecian*, and that too with the ſame Tranquillity of " Mind, and Evenneſs of Temper.

We have no need of long Comments to make out the vaſt Difference between the Death of *Socrates*, and that of this *Epicurean*, whom *Tacitus* himſelf, notwithſtanding his Paganiſm, did not dare to applaud. On one ſide, we are preſented with the View of a Man that ſpent his laſt Minutes in making his Friends better, recommending to them the Hope of a bleſſed Eternity, and ſhewing what that Hope requires of them; a Man that died with his Eyes intent upon God, praying to him and bleſſing him, without any Reflections upon his Enemies who condemn'd him ſo unjuſtly. On the other Side, we meet with a volumptuous Perſon, in whom all Sentiments of Virtue are quite extinguiſh'd; who to be rid of his own Fears, occaſioned his own Death; and in his Exit would admit of no other Entertainment but agreeable Poems and pleaſant Verſes; who ſpent the laſt Minutes of his Time in rewarding thoſe of his Slaves, who doubtleſs had been the Miniſters and Accomplices of his Senſualities, and ſeeing thoſe puniſhed, who perhaps had ſhewn an Averſion to his Vices, and diſſerved him in the Way of his Pleaſures. A good Death ought to be uſhered in by a good Life. Now, a Life ſpent in Vice, Effeminacy, and Debauchery, is much ſhort of one entirely taken up in the Exerciſe of Virtue, and the ſolid Pleaſures of true Knowledge, and adorned with the venerable Ornaments of Temperance, Juſtice, Fortitude, Liberty, and Truth. One of *Socrates*'s dying Words was, That thoſe who entertained bad Diſcourſes upon Death, wounded the Soul very dangerouſly. And what would not he have ſaid of thoſe who ſcruple not to write them?

But 'tis probable this Author did not foreſee the Conſequence of this unjuſt Preference. He wrote like a Man of this world, that never knew *Socrates*. Had he known

known him, he had certainly formed a juſter Judgment. And in like Manner, if he had known *Seneca* or *Plutarch*, he had never equalled or preferred *Petronius* to them. Had he made the beſt Uſe of his Underſtanding, he would have ſeen Reaſons to doubt, that the *Petronius* now read, is not the *Petronius* of *Tacitus*, whoſe Death he ſo much admires; and would have met with ſome ſuch Objections, which at leaſt give Occaſion to ſuſpect its being ſuppoſititious. But to return to *Socrates*.

His Doctrine of Death's being no Affliction, but, on the contrary, a Paſſage to a happier Life, made a conſiderable Progreſs. Some Philoſophers gave ſuch lively and forcible Demonſtrations of it in their Lectures, that the greateſt Part of their Diſciples laid violent Hands on themſelves, in order to overtake that happier Life. *Ptolemæus Philadelphus* prohibited *Hegeſias* of *Cyrene* to teach it in his School, for fear of diſpeopling his Countries. And the Poets of that Prince's Court ſiding with their Prince, as thy commonly do, us'd all means to decry that Doctrine, and thoſe who were prevailed upon to embrace it. 'Twas their pernicious Complaiſance that occaſioned what we now read in *Callimachus* againſt the Immortality of the Soul; and above all that famous Epigram, *Cicero* alledged to have been writ againſt *Cleombrotus* of *Ambracia*, but 'twas certainly deſigned likewiſe againſt *Plato*. 'Tis to this purpoſe: *Cleombrotus* of *Ambracia* "having paid his laſt Compliment to the "Sun, threw himſelf headlong from the Top of a "Tower into Hell; not that he had done any Thing "worthy of Death, but only had read *Plato*'s Treatiſe "of the Immortality of the Soul."

But after all, it redounds to the Glory of *Socrates* and *Plato*, and the Doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul, that none but ſuch Enemies as theſe oppoſe it.

PHEDON:

PHEDON:

OR,

A Dialogue of the Immortality of the Soul.

Echerates and *Phedon.*

Echec. PHEDON, were you by when *Socrates* drank the Poiſon? Or did any Body give you an Account how he behaved in that Juncture?

Phed. I was preſent

Echec. What were his laſt Words then, and how died he? You'll oblige me much with the Relation: For the *Phliaſians* have but little Correſpondence with the *Athenians*, and 'tis a great while ſince we had any Stranger from *Athens* to acquaint us how Things went. We only heard that he died after drinking the Poiſon, but could not underſtand any Particulars relating to his Death.

The Inhabitants of *Phlius*, a City in the *Peloponneſus*.

Phed. What! Did not you hear how he was arraign'd?

Echec. Yes, truly, ſome Body told us that; and we thought it ſtrange that his Sentence was ſo long in being put in Execution after his Trial.

Phed.

Phed. * That happened only by Chance: for the Day before his Trial, the Stern of the ſacred Ship which the *Athenians* ſend every Year to *Delos*, was crown'd for the Voyage.

Echec. What is that ſacred Ship?

Phed. If you believe the *Athenians*, it is the ſame Ship in which *Theſeus* tranſported the fourteen Young Children to *Crete*, and brought them ſafe back again; and 'tis ſaid the *Athenians* at that Time vow'd to *Apollo*, that if the Children were preſerved from the impending Danger, they would ſend every Year to *Delos* Preſents and Victims aboard the ſame Veſſel: And this they do ever ſince. As ſoon as the Ship is cleared, and ready to put to Sea, they purify the City, and obſerve an inviolable Law for putting none to Death before the Return of the Ship. Now ſometimes it ſtays long out, eſpecially if the Winds be contrary. This Feſtival, which is properly called *Theoria*, commences when the Prieſt of *Apollo* has crown'd the Stern of the Ship. Now, as I told you, this happened on the Day preceding *Socrates*'s Trial. And 'twas upon that Account that he was kept ſo long in Priſon, after his Commitment.

Echec. And during his Impriſonment, what did he do? What ſaid he? Who was with him? Did the Judges order him to be kept from Viſits? and did he die without the Aſſiſtance of his Friends?

Phed. Not at all: ſeveral of his Friends ſtaid with him to the laſt Minute.

Echec. If you're at Leiſure, pray relate the whole Story

Phed. At preſent I have nothing to do, and ſo ſhall

* *Phedon*'s Diſcourſe implies that the Time of the Ship's Departure was uncertain: 'twas either anticipated or retarded; as the Condition of the Ship and other Occurrences required. This Uncertainty occaſions the Difficulty of finding the true Date of *Socrates*'s Death.

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endeavour to ſatisfy your Demands. * Beſides I take the greateſt Pleaſure in the World in ſpeaking or hearing others ſpeak of *Socrates*.

Echec. Aſſure yourſelf, *Phedon*, you ſhall not take more Pleaſure in ſpeaking, than I in hearing. Begin pray, and above all take Care to omit nothing.

Phed. You'll be ſurprized when you hear what a Condition I was then in. I was ſo far from being ſenſibly touch'd with the Misfortune of a Friend whom I loved very tenderly, and who died before my Eyes, that I envied his Circumſtances, and could not forbear to admire the Goodneſs, Sweetneſs, and Tranquillity, that appeared in all his Diſcourſes, and the Bravery he ſhewed upon the Approach of Death. Every Thing that I ſaw, furniſhes me with a Proof that he did not paſs to the Shades below without the Aſſiſtance of ſome Deity, that took Care to conduct him, and put him in Poſſeſſion of that tranſcendent Felicity of the Bleſſed. But as, on one hand, theſe Thoughts ſtifled all the Sentiments of Compaſſion that might ſeem due at ſuch a mortifying Sight; ſo, on the other hand, they leſſened the Pleaſure I was wont to have in hearing all his other Diſcourſes, and affected me with that ſorrowful Reflection, that in the Space of a Minute this divine Man would leave us for ever. Thus was my Heart toſs'd with contrary Motions, that I could not define. 'Twas not properly either Pleaſure or Grief, but a confuſed Mixture of theſe two Paſſions, which produc'd almoſt the ſame Effect in all the By-ſtanders. One while we melted into Tears, and another while gave ſurprizing Signs of real Joy and ſenſible Pleaſure. Above all, † *Apollodorus* diſtinguiſhed himſelf upon this Occaſion; you know his Humour.

Echec. Nobody knows it better.

* *Phedon* had been infinitely obliged to *Socrates*; for being taken Priſoner in War, and ſold to a Merchant that bought Slaves, *Socrates*, who was mighty fond of his Genius, obliged *Alcibiades* or *Crito* to ranſom him, and received him into the Number of his Friends and Diſciples.

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Phed.

Phed. In him was the Difference of theſe Motions moſt obſervable. As for me, and all the reſt, our Behaviour was not ſo diſtinguiſhing, as being mixed with the Trouble and Confuſion I ſpoke of juſt now.

Echec. Who was there then beſides yourſelf?

Phed. There were no other *Athenians*, but *Apollodorus*, *Critobulus*, and his Father *Crito*, *Hermogenes*, *Epigenes*, *Æſchines*, *Antiſthenes*, *Cteſippus*, *Menexemus*, and a few more. *Plato* was ſick.

Echec. Were there no Strangers?

Phed. Yes; *Simmias* the *Theban*, with † *Cebes*, and *Phedondes*; and from *Megara*, *Euclides* and *Terpſion*.

Echec. What! Were not *Ariſtippus*, and *Cleombrotus* there?

Phed. No, ſure; * for 'tis ſaid, they were at *Ægina*.

Echec. Who was there beſides?

Phed. I believe I have named moſt of thoſe that were there.

Echec. Let's hear then what his laſt Diſcourſes were.

Phed.

† The ſame *Cebes*, who made the Table that we now have; which is an Explication of an Allegorical Table that he ſuppoſes to have been in the Temple of *Saturn* at *Thebes*; and contains a very ingenious Scheme of a Man's whole Life. It hints at all the Doctrine of *Socrates*, and the Stile reſembles that of *Plato*.

* The Delicacy and Salt of this Satire is thus explained by *Demetrius Phalereus*. *Plato*, ſays he, had a Mind to ſuppreſs the Scandal that *Ariſtippus* and *Cleombrotus* drew upon themſelves, by feaſting at *Ægina*, when *Socrates*, their Friend and Maſter, was in Priſon, without deigning to go to ſee him, or even to aſſiſt on the Day of his Death, though they were then at the Entry of the *Athenian* Harbour. Had he told the whole Story, the Invective had been too particular. But with an admirable Decency and Artfulneſs he introduces *Phedon*, giving a Liſt of thoſe who aſſiſted at his Death, and making Anſwer to the Queſtion, (Whether they were there or not) That they were at *Ægina*; pointing at once to their Debauchery and Ingratitude. This Stroke is the more biting, that the Thing itſelf paints out the Horror of the Action, not he that ſpeaks. *Plato* might ſecurely have attack'd *Ariſtippus* and *Cleombrotus*; but he choſe rather to make uſe of this Figure, which in Effect gives the greater Blow. This is a notable Piece of delicate Satire. *Athenæus*, by charging *Plato* with Slander upon this Score,

Phed. I ſhall endeavour to give you a full Account: For we never miſſed one Day in viſiting *Socrates*. To this end, we met every Morning in the Place where he was try'd, which join'd to the Priſon; and there we waited till the Priſon Doors were open; at which Time we went ſtraight to him, and commonly paſſed the whole Day with him. On the Day of his Execution, we come thither ſooner than ordinary, having heard as we came out of the City, that the ſhip was return'd from *Delos*. When we arriv'd, the Goaler that us'd to let us in, came to us, and deſir'd we ſhould ſtay a little, and not go in till he came to conduct us. For, ſays he, the eleven Magiſtrates are now untying *Socrates*, and acquainting him that he muſt die, as this Day. When we came in, we found *Socrates*, † untied, and his Wife *Xantippe* (you know her) ſitting by him with one of his Children in her Arms; and as ſoon as ſhe ſpied us, ſhe fell a crying and making a Noiſe, as you know Women commonly do on ſuch Occaſions. *Socrates*, ſaid ſhe, 'This is the laſt 'Time your Friends ſhall ſee you. Upon which, *Socra-* '*tes*, turning to *Crito*, ſays, *Crito*, pray ſend this Woman 'home.' Accordingly 'twas done. *Crito*'s Folks carried *Xantippe* off, who beat her Face and cried bitterly. In the mean Time, *Socrates*, ſitting upon the Bed, ſoftly ſtrokes the Place of his Leg where the Chain had been tied, and ſays, 'to my 'Mind what Men call Pleaſure, is a 'pretty odd Sort of a Thing which agrees admirably well 'with Pain; tho' People believe 'tis quite contrary, be-'cauſe they cannot meet in one and the ſame Subject. For,

These Magiſtrates were the Overſeers of the Priſon and Priſoners, and executed the Sentences of the Judges.

How Pleaſure agrees with Pain.

Score, prejudiced himſelf more than *Plato*, who will always be cried up for having this Zeal for his Maſter.

† At *Athens*, after the Sentence was pronounced to the Criminal, they untied him, as being a Victim to Death, which it was not lawful to keep in Chains.

'whoever enjoys the one, muſt unavoidably be poſſeſſed 'of the other, as if they were naturally joined.'

Had *Æſop* been aware of this Truth, perhaps he had made a Fable of it; and had told us, that God deſigning to reconcile theſe two Enemies, and not being able to compaſs his End, contented himſelf with tying them to one Chain; ſo that ever ſince the one follows the other, according to my Experience at this Minute. For the Pain occaſioned by my Chain, is now followed with a great deal of Pleaſure.

Socrates feigning that the Gods tied Pleaſure and Pain to one Chain, makes that the Subject of a Fable.

I am infinitely glad, replies *Cebes*, interrupting him, that you have mentioned *Æſop*. For by ſo doing, you have put it in my Head to aſk you a Queſtion that many have aſked me of late, eſpecially § *Evenus*. The Queſtion relates to your Poems in turning the Fables of *Æſop* into Verſe, and making a Hymn to *Apollo*. They want to know what moved you, that never made Verſes before, to turn Poet ſince you came into the Priſon? If *Evenus* aſks the ſame Queſtion of me again, as I know he will, what would you have me to ſay?

You have nothing to do, ſays *Socrates* but to tell him the plain Matter of Fact as it ſtands, *viz.* That I did not at all mean to rival him in Poetry, for I knew ſuch an Attempt was above my reach; but only to trace the meaning of ſome Dreams, and put myſelf in a Capacity of obeying, in caſe Poetry happened to be the Muſick that they alloted for my Exerciſe. For you muſt know, that all my Life-time I have had Dreams, which always recommended the ſame Thing to me, ſometimes in one Form, and ſometimes in another. *Socrates*, ſaid they, 'apply yourſelf to Muſick.' This I always took for a ſim-

What moved *Socrates* to make Verſes after his Condemnation.

His Dreams ordering him to apply himſelf to Muſick.

§ *Evenus* of *Paros*, an Elegiack Poet, the firſt that ſaid Habit was a ſecond Nature.

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ple Exhortation, like that commonly given to those who run Races, ordering me to pursue my wonted Course of Life, and carry on the Study of Wisdom, that I made my whole Business, which is the most perfect Musick. But since my Trial, the Festival of *Apollo* having retarded the Execution of my Sentence, I fancied these Dreams might have ordered me to apply myself to that vulgar and common Sort of Musick: And since I was departing this World, I thought it safer to sanctify myself by obeying the Gods, and essaying to make Verses, than to disobey them. Pursuant to this Thought, my first Essay was a Hymn to the God, whose Festival was then celebrated. After that, I considered, that a true Poet ought not only to make Discourses in Verse, but likewise Fables. Now finding myself not disposed to invent new Fables, I apply'd myself to those of *Æsop*, and turned those into Verse, that came first into my Mind.

Wisdom is the perfectest Musick.

How to sanctify one's self before one dies.

'Tis not Verse, but Fable, that makes a Poet; which is pursued at length in *Aristotle's Poeticon.*

This, my dear *Cebes*, is the Answer you're to give *Evenus*: Assuring him, that I wish him all Happiness; and tell him, that if he be wise he'll follow me. For in all Appearance I am to make my Exit this Day, since the *Athenians* have given Orders to that Effect.

What Sort of Counsel is that you give to *Evenus?* replies *Simmias*; I have seen that Man often: And by what I know of him, I can promise you, he'll never follow you with his Will.

What, says *Socrates*, is not *Evenus* a Philosopher?

I think so, says *Simmias*.

Then, replies *Socrates*, he, and all others that are worthy of that Profession, will be willing to follow me. I know he will not kill himself, for that, they say, is not lawful. Having spoke these Words, he drew his Legs off the Bed, and sat down

For a Poet ought to be a Philosopher; or else he's a sorry Poet.

Self-Murder is unlawful.

down upon the Ground: in which Posture he entertain'd us the whole remaining Part of the Day.

Cebes put the first Question to him, which was this: How do you reconcile this, *Socrates*, that 'tis not lawful to kill one's self, and at the same Time that a Philosopher ought to follow you?

What, replies *Socrates*, did neither you, nor *Simmias*, ever hear your Friend * *Philolaus* discourse that Point?

No, replied they, he never explain'd himself clearly upon that Point.

As for me, replies *Socrates*, I know nothing but what I have heard, and shall not grudge to communicate all that I have learned. Besides, there's no Exercise so suitable for a Man upon the Point of Death, as that of examining and endeavouring thoroughly to know what Voyage this is that we must all make, and making known his own Opinion upon it.

What is the Ground of that Assertion, says *Cebes*, that 'tis not lawful for a Man to kill himself? I have often heard *Philolaus*, and others say, that it was an ill Action, but I never heard them say more.

Have Patience, says *Socrates*, you shall know more presently, and perhaps you'll be surpriz'd to find it an eternal Truth that never changes; whereas most other Things in this World alter according to their Circumstances: This is still the same, even in the Case of those to whom Death would be more agreeable than Life. Is it not a surprising Thing, that such Men are not allow'd to possess themselves of the Good they want, but are oblig'd to wait for another Deliverer?

Man cannot deliver himself, but must wait till God deliver him.

Jupiter only knows that, replies *Cebes* smiling.

* *Philolaus* was a *Pythagorean* Philosopher, who could not fail to assert his Master's Doctrine, of the Unlawfulness of Self-Murder. He wrote only one Volume, which *Plato* purchas'd at four hundred Crowns.

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This may ſeem unreaſonable to you, ſays *Socrates*, but after all, it is not ſo. The Diſcourſes we are entertained with every Day in our Ceremonies and Myſteries, *viz. That God has put us in this Life, as in a Poſt which we cannot quit without his Leave*, &c. Theſe, I ſay, and ſuch like Expreſſions, may ſeem hard, and ſurpaſs our underſtanding. But noth ing is eaſier to be underſtood, or better ſaid, than this, *That the Gods take Care of Men, and that Men are one of the Poſſeſſions that belong to the Gods.* Is not this true?

The Diſcourſes to the People in the Ceremonies and Myſteries of the *Pagan* Religion.

Man being God's Property, is a Proof that he has no right to kill himſelf.

Very true, replies *Cebes*.

Would not you yourſelf, continues *Socrates*, be angry if one of your Slaves killed himſelf without your Order, and would not you puniſh him ſeverely, if your could?

Yes doubtleſs, replies *Cebes*.

By the ſame Reaſon, ſays *Socrates*, a Man ſhould not kill himſelf, but ſhould wait for an expreſs Order from God for making his Exit, like this ſent me now.

That ſtands to Reaſon, ſays *Cebes*; but your ſaying, That a Philoſopher ought nevertheleſs to deſire to die, is what I think ſtrange, and I cannot reconcile theſe two Opinions; eſpecially, if it be true, what you ſaid but now, that the Gods take Care of Men, as being their Property: For that a Philoſopher ſhould not be troubled to be without the Gods for his Guardians, and to quit a Life where ſuch perfect Beings, the better Governors of the world, take Care of him, ſeems very unreaſonable to me. Do they imagine they'll be more capable to govern themſelves, when left to themſelves? I can eaſily conceive, that a Fool may think it his Duty to flee from a good Maſter at any Rate; and will not be convinced, that he ought to ſtick to what is good and never loſe Sight of it: But I affirm, that a wiſeMan will deſire never to quit a Dependance upon a perfecter Being than

Cebes objects that Men ſhould be unwilling to leave this Life, ſince the Gods are their Guardians here.

The wiſe will ever deſire to depend upon God.

than himſelf, From whence I infer the contrary of what you advanced, and conclude, that the Wiſe are ſorry to die, and Fools are fond of Death.

Cebes's Objection is only a Quibble without any Solidity.

Socrates ſeem'd to be pleas'd with *Cebes*'s Wit; and turning to us, told us, that *Cebes* has always ſomething to object, and takes Care not to aſſent at firſt to what is told him.

Indeed, replies *Simmias*, I muſt ſay, I find a great deal of Reaſon in what *Cebes* advances. What can the Sages pretend to gain, by quitting better Maſters than themſelves, and willingly depriving themſelves of their Aid? Do you mind that? 'tis you alone that he addreſſes himſelf to, meaning to reprove you for your Inſenſibility, in being ſo willing to part with us, and quit the Gods, who, according to your own Words, are ſuch good and wiſe Governors.

You are in the right of it, ſays *Socrates*: I ſee you mean to oblige me to make formal Defences, ſuch as I gave in at my Trial.

That's the very Thing, replies *Simmias*.

Then, ſays *Socrates*, you muſt ſatisfy yourſelves, ſo that this my laſt Apology may have more influence upon you, than my former had upon my Judges. For my Part (*continues he*) if I thought I ſhould not find in the other World Gods as good and as wiſe, and Men infinitely better than we, 'twould be a Piece of Injuſtice in me not to be troubled at Death. But, be it known to you, *Simmias*, and to you, *Cebes*, that I hope to arrive at the Aſſembly of the § Juſt. Indeed in this Point, I may flatter myſef; but as for my finding, in the World Maſters infinitely good and wiſe, that I can aſſure you of, as much as Things of that Nature will bear; and therefore it is, that Death is no Trouble to me, hoping that there's ſomething reſerv'd for the Dead, after this Life; and that the Good

Socrates refutes *Cebes*'s Objection, and proves, that the Wiſe ſhould deſire Death.

The Gods take care of Men in the other World.

§ He means, that perhaps he has not Goodneſs enough to make good his hopes of being receiv'd into the Aſſembly of the Juſt.

meet

meet with better Treatment in the World to come, than the Bad.

The Good are better treated in the other World, than the Bad.

How, replies *Simmias*, would you have quitted this Life, without communicating thoſe Sentiments to us? This, methinks, will be a common Good; and if you convince us of all that you believe with reference to this Point, you have made a ſufficient Apology.

The Doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul ſhould be communicated to others.

That's what I deſign to try, ſays *Socrates*; but I would firſt hear what *Crito* has to ſay: I thought he had a Mind to offer ſomething a pretty while ago.

I have Nothing to ſay, replies *Crito*, but what your Executioner has been puſhing me on to tell you this great while, that you ought to ſpeak as little as you can, for fear of over-heating yourſelf, ſince nothing is more contrary to the Operation of Poiſon; inſomuch, that if you continue to ſpeak ſo, *(a)* you'll be oblig'd to take two or three Doſes.

Let him do his Office, ſays *Socrates*; let him make ready two Doſes of Poiſon, or three if he will.

I knew you would give me that Anſwer, replies *Crito*; but ſtill he importunes me to ſpeak to you.

Pray let that alone, ſays *Socrates*, and ſuffer me to explain before you, who are my Judges, for what Reaſons, a Man enlightened by Philoſophy, ought to die with Courage and a firm Hope, that in the other World he ſhall enjoy a Felicity beyond any Thing in this. Pray do you, *Simmias* and *Cebes*, liſten to my Arguments.

True Philoſophers make it the whole Buſineſs of their Life-time to learn to die. Now 'tis extremely ridiculous for them, after they run out a whole Courſe inceſſantly, in order to compaſs that one End, to flinch

True Philoſophers learn to die all their Life-time.

(a) Probably the Executioner meaned by this Advice to keep fair with *Socrates*, and ſave his Money; for he was to furniſh the Hemlock, of which a Pound (the common Doſe) coſt 12 Drachms, i. e. 3 Livres and 12 d. See *Plutarch* upon the Death of *Phocion*, who was obliged to pay his Executioner for a Doſe of Poiſon.

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and be afraid when it comes up to them, when they are juſt in a Capacity of obtaining it after a long and painful Search.

Whereupon *Simmias* laugh'd, and told him, In earneſt, *Socrates*, you make me laugh, notwithſtanding the ſmall Occaſion I have to laugh in this Juncture. For I am certain the greateſt Part of thoſe who hear you talk ſo, will ſay you talk much better of the Philoſophers than you believe. Above all, the *Athenians* would be glad that all the Philoſophers would learn that Leſſon ſo well, as to die in effect; and they'll be ready to tell you, Death is the only Thing they are worthy of.

A ſatyrical Rub upon the *Athenians*, who could not abide Philoſophers.

Simmias, replies *Socrates*, our *Athenians* would ſo ſpeak the Truth, but without knowing it to be ſuch: For they are ignorant in what manner Philoſophers deſire to die, or how they are worthy of it. But let us leave the *Athenians* to themſelves; and talk of Things within our own Company. Does Death appear to be any Thing to you?

Yes, without Doubt; replies *Simmias*.

Is it not, continues *Socrates*, the Separation of Soul and Body; ſo that the Body has one ſeparate Being, and the Soul another?

What is Death.

Juſt ſo, ſays *Simmias*.

Let's try then, my dear *Simmias*, if your Thoughts and mine agree. By what means we ſhall ſet the Object of our preſent Enquiry in a clearer Light.

Philoſophers do not court Pleaſure.

Do you think a Philoſopher courts what the World calls Pleaſure, as that of Eating, Drinking, *&c.*

Not at all, *Socrates*.

Nor that of Love?

By no means.

Do you think they purſue or mind the other Pleaſures relating to the Body, ſuch as good Clothes, handſome Shoes, and the other ornaments of the Body? Whether do you think they value or ſlight thoſe Things, when Neceſſity does not enforce their Uſe?

In

In my Mind, replies *Simmias*, a true Philoſopher muſt needs contemn them.

Then you believe continues *Socrates*, that the Body is not at all the Object of the Care and Buſineſs of a Philoſopher: But on the contrary, that this whole Buſineſs is to ſeparate himſelf from it, and mind only the Concerns of his Soul.

Moſt certainly.

Thus, continues *Socrates*, 'tis plain upon the whole, that a Philoſopher labours in a more diſtinguiſhing Manner than other Men, to purchaſe the Freedom of his Soul, and cut off all Commerce between it and the Body. I am likewiſe of the Opinion, *Simmias* that moſt Men will grant that whoever avoides thoſe Corporeal Things, and takes no Pleaſure in them, *(a)* is not worthy to live; and that he who does not uſe the Pleaſures of the Body, is near to Death.

All the Philoſophers Buſineſs is to cut off all Commerce between Soul and Body.

You ſpeak Truth, *Socrates*.

But what ſhall we ſay of the acquiring of Prudence? Is the Body an Obſtacle or not, when employed in that Work? I'll explain my Meaning by an Example: Have Seeing and Hearing any Thing of Truth in them, and is their Teſtimony faithful? Or, are the Poets in the Right in ſinging, that we neither ſee nor hear Things truly? For, if theſe two Senſes of Seeing and Hearing are not true and truſty, the other, which are much weaker, will be far leſs ſuch. Do not you think ſo?

The Body's being an Obſtacle in the Acqueſt of Prudence, is a Proof of this Truth

The Uncertainty of the Senſes.

Yes, without doubt, replies *Simmias*.

(a) 'Tis a Truth acknowledg'd by almoſt all the World, that he who does not enjoy the Pleaſures of the Body, is not worthy to live. So that 'tis a true Saying, That a Philoſopher is worthy of nothing but Death.

When

When does the Soul then, continues *Socrates*, find out the Truth? We ſee, that while the Body is join'd in the Enquiry, this Body plainly cheats and ſeduces it.

The Body deceives the Soul.

That's true, ſays *Simmias*.

Is it not by reaſoning that the Soul embraces Truth? And does it not reaſon better than before, when 'tis not encumber'd by Seeing or Hearing Pain or Pleaſure? When ſhut up within itſelf, it bids adieu to the Body, and entertains as little Correſpondence with it as poſſible; and purſues the Knowledge of Things without touching them.

The Soul reaſons beſt, when undiſturb'd by the Body, and ſeparated from it.

That's incomparably well ſpoken.

Is it not, eſpecially upon this Occaſion, that the Soul of a Philoſopher deſpiſes and avoids the Body, and wants to be by itſelf!

I think ſo.

What ſhall we ſay then, my dear *Simmias*, of all the Objects of the Soul? For Inſtance, ſhall we call Juſtice ſomething or nothing?

We muſt certainly give it the Title of *Something*.

Shall we not likewiſe call it *Good* and *Fine?*

Ay, doubtleſs.

But did you ever ſee theſe Objects with the Eyes of your Body?

No, to be ſure.

Or with any other Senſe? Did you ever touch any of thoſe Things I now ſpeak of, ſuch as Magnitude, Health, Fortitude, and, in a Word, the Eſſence of all other Things? Is the Truth of them diſcover'd by the Body? Or is it not certain, that whoever puts himſelf in a Condition to examine them more narrowly, and trace them to the Bottom, will better compaſs the End, and know more of them?

The Eſſence of Things is known not by the Senſes, but by the Operation of the Soul alone.

That's very true.

Now

Now the ſimpleſt and pureſt Way of examining Things, is to purſue every Particular by Thought alone, without offering to ſupport our Meditation by ſeeing, or backing our Reaſonings by any other corporeal Senſe; by employing the naked Thought without any Mixture, and ſo endeavouring to trace the pure and genuine Eſſence of Things without the Miniſtry of the Eyes or Ears: The Soul being, if I may ſo ſpeak, entirely diſengaged from the whole Maſs of Body, which only cumbers the Soul, and cramps it in the Queſt of Wiſdom and Truth, as often as it is admitted to the leaſt Correſpondence with it. If the Eſſence of Things be ever known, muſt it not be in the Manner abovementioned?

The more the Soul is diſengaged from the Body, the more piercing are its Thoughts.

Right, *Socrates*; you have ſpoke incomparably well.

Is it not a neceſſary Conſequence from this Principle, continues *Socrates*, that true Philoſophers ſhould have ſuch Language among themſelves? This Life is a Road that's apt to miſlead us and our Reaſon in all our Enquiries; becauſe while we have a Body, and while our Soul is drowned in ſo much Corruption, we ſhall never attain the Object of our Wiſhes, *i. e.* Truth. The Body throws a thouſand Obſtacles and Croſſes in our Way, by demanding neceſſary Food; and then the Diſeaſes that enſue, do quite diſorder our Enquiry: beſides, it fills us with Love, Deſires, Fears, and a thouſand fooliſh Imaginations, inſomuch that there's nothing truer, than the common ſaying, That 'the Body will never conduct us to Wiſdom.' What is it that gives Riſe to Wars, and occaſions Sedition and Duelling? Is it not the Body and its Deſires? In Effect, all Wars take Riſe from the Deſire of Riches, which we are forced to heap up for the Sake of our Body, in

The Language of the Philoſophers among themſelves.

The Obſtacles rais'd by the Body in the Search of Truth.

It not only diſturbs us with Diſeaſes, but often ſinks our Judgments and Senſes.

The Body cannot conduct us to Wisdom.

order to supply its Wants, and serve it like Slaves. 'Tis this that cramps our Application to Philosophy. And the greatest of all our Evils is, that when it has given us some respite, and we are set upon Meditation, it steals in and interrupts our Meditation all of a sudden. It cumbers, troubles, and surprizes us in such a Manner, that it hinders us from descrying the Truth. Now we have made it out, that in order to trace the Purity and Truth of any Thing, we should lay aside the Body, and only employ the Soul to examine the Objects we pursue. So that we can never arrive at the Wisdom we court, till after Death. Reason is on our Side. For if it is impossible to know any Thing purely while we are in the Body, one of these two Things must be true: Either the Truth is never known, or it is known after Death; because at that Time the Soul will be left to itself, and freed of its Burden, and not before. And while we are in this Life, we can only approach to the Truth in Proportion to our removing from the Body, and renouncing all Correspondence with it that is not of mere Necessity, and keeping ourselves clear from the Contagion of its natural Corruption, and all its Filth, till God himself comes to deliver us. Then indeed being freed from all bodily Folly, we shall converse in all Probability with Men that enjoy the same Liberty, and shall know within ourselves the pure Essence of Things, which perhaps is nothing else but the Truth. But he who is not pure, is not allow'd to approach to Purity itself. This, my dear *Simmias*, as I take it, should be the Thought and Language of true Philosophers. Are not you of the same Mind?

The Body is the Cause of all the Disorders in the World.

An Argument proving, that after this Life the Soul will know the Truth better than in this Life.

Truth is the Knowledge of the pure Essence of Things.

Most certainly, *Socrates*.

Then,

Then, my dear *Simmias*, whoever ſhall arrive where I am now going, has great Reaſon to hope, that he will there be poſſeſſed of what we look for here with ſo much Care and Anxiety; ſo that the Voyage I am now ſent upon, fills me with a ſweet and agreeable Hope. And it will have the ſame Effect upon all who are perſuaded that the Soul muſt be purged before it knows the Truth. Now the Purgation of the Soul, as we were ſaying but juſt now, is only its Separation from the Body, its accuſtoming itſelf to retire and lock itſelf up, renouncing all Commerce with it as much as poſſible, and living by itſelf, whether in this or § the other World, without being chained to the Body.

The Purgation of the Soul is the removing it from the Correſpondence with the Body.

All that's true, *Socrates*.

Well! what we call *Death*, is not that the Diſengagement and Separation of the Body from the Soul?

Moſt certainly.

Are not the true Philoſophers the only Men that ſeek after this Diſengagement? and is not that Separation and Deliverance their whole Buſineſs?

So I think, *Socrates*.

Is it not a ridiculous Fancy, that a Man that has lived in the Expectation of Death, and during his whole Lifetime has been preparing to die, upon his Arrival at the Point of deſired Death, ſhould think to retire, and be afraid of it? Would not that be a very ſcandalous Apoſtacy?

This is what *Socrates* meant to prove.

How ſhould it be otherwiſe?

§ The Obſtacles rais'd in the Purſuit of Wiſdom, inſpir'd the true Philoſophers with ſuch an Averſion to the Body, that they pleas'd themſelves with the Fancy, that after Death they ſhould be rid of it for ever. They knew no better; and though they had ſome Idea of the Reſurrection, yet they were abſolutely ignorant that the Body will be likewiſe purg'd and glorified, that this corruptible Body would put on Incorruptibility, and the mortal Part be inveſted with Immortality.

'Tis certain then, *Simmias*, that Death is ſo far from being terrible to true Philoſophers, that 'tis their whole Buſineſs to die; which may be eaſily inferred thus: If they ſlight and contemn their Body, and paſſionately deſire to enjoy their Soul by itſelf, is it not a ridiculous Way of belying themſelves, to be afraid and troubled when that Minute comes? And is it not a Piece of Extravagance to decline going to that Place, where thoſe who get to it, hope to obtain the good Things they have wiſhed for all their Life-time? For they deſired Wiſdom, and a Deliverance from the Body, as being their Burden, and the Object of their Hatred and Contempt. Do not many upon the Loſs of * their Miſtreſſes, Wives, or Children, willingly cut the Thread of Life, and convey themſelves into the other World, merely upon the Hope of meeting there, and cohabiting with the Perſons they love? And ſhall a true Lover of Wiſdom, and one that firmly Hopes to attain the Perfection of it in the other World, ſhall he be ſtartled by Death, and be unwilling to go to the Place that will furniſh him with what his Soul loves? Doubtleſs, my dear *Simmias*, if he be a true Philoſopher, he'll go with a great Deal of Pleaſure; as being perſuaded, that there's no Place in the Regions below that can furniſh him with that pure Wiſdom that he's in Queſt of. Now, if Things ſtand thus, would it not be a Piece of Extravagance in ſuch a Man to fear Death?

To be ſure, ſays *Simmias*, it would be ſo with a Witneſs.

And conſequently, continues *Socrates*, when a Man ſhrinks and retires at the Point of Death, 'tis a certain

* The greateſt Part, though ſcarce convinced of the Immortality of the Soul, uſed to kill themſelves upon the loſs of what they loved, hoping to retrieve it in the other World: And is it not reaſonable that the true Philoſophers, who are fully convinced of that Truth, and fully perſuaded that true Wiſdom is to be enjoy'd in the infernal World; ſhould give Death a welcome Reception?

Evidence

Evidence that he loves not Wiſdom, but his own Body, or Honour, or Riches, or perhaps all three together.

The three common Cauſes of our Averſion to Death.

'Tis ſo, *Socrates*.

Then *Simmias*, does not that we call *Fortitude* belong in a peculiar manner to Philoſophers? And does not *Temperance*, or that Sort of Wiſdom that conſiſts in controuling our Deſires, and living ſoberly, and modeſtly, ſuit admirably well with thoſe who contemn their Bodies and live philoſophically?

Fortitude and Temperance are peculiar to Philoſophers.

That's certain, *Socrates*.

Were you to inſpect the Fortitude and Temperance of other Men, you'll find 'em very ridiculous.

How ſo, *Socrates*?

You know, ſays he, all other men look upon Death as the greateſt Affliction.

That's true, replies *Simmias*.

When thoſe you call *Stout* ſuffer Death with ſome Courage, they do it only for fear of ſome greater Evil.

The Courage and Valour of thoſe who deſpiſe Death is often the Effect of Fear.

That I muſt grant.

And by Conſequence, all Men, bating the Philoſophers, are only ſtout and valiant thro' Fear. And is it not ridiculous to believe a Man to be brave and valiant, that is only influenced by Fear and Timorouſneſs?

You are in the right of it, *Socrates*.

Is not the Caſe the ſame with your temperate Perſons? 'Tis only Intemperance makes them ſuch. Tho' at firſt view this may ſeem impoſſible, yet it is no more than what daily Experience ſhews to be the Reſult of that fooliſh and ridiculous Temperance. For ſuch Perſons diſclaim one Pleaſure only for Fear of being robbed of other Pleaſures that they covet, and which have an Aſcendant over them. They'll cry out to you as long as you will, that Intemperance conſiſts in being ruled and over-awed by our Paſſions; but

Men are temperate thro' Intemperance.

at the ſame Time that they give you this fine Definition, 'tis only their Subjection to ſome predominant Pleaſures, that makes them diſcard others. Now this is much what I have juſt ſaid, that they are only temperate through Intemperance.

That's very clear, *Socrates*.

The Exchange of Paſſions is not the true Road to Virtue.

Let us not be impos'd upon, my dear *Simmias*: The ſtrait Road to Virtue does not lie in ſhifting Pleaſures for Pleaſures, Fears for Fears, or one melancholy Thought for another, and imitating thoſe who change a large Piece of Money for many ſmall ones. But Wiſdom is the only true and unalloy'd Coin, for which all others muſt be given in Exchange. With that Piece of Money we purchaſe all Fortitude, Temperance, Juſtice. In a Word that Virtue is always true that accompanies Wiſdom, without any Dependance upon Pleaſures, Grief, Fears, or any other Paſſions. Whereas all other Virtues ſtript of Wiſdom, which run upon a perpetual Exchange, are only Shadows of Virtue. True Virtue is really and in Effect a Purgation from all theſe Sort of Paſſions. Temperance, Juſtice, Fortitude, and Prudence, or Wiſdom itſelf, are not exchanged for Paſſions, but cleanſe us of them. And it is pretty evident, that thoſe who inſtituted the Purifications, called by us *Teletus*, i. e. *Perfect Expiations*, were (*a*) Perſons of no contemptible Rank, Men of great Genius's, who in the firſt Ages meant by ſuch Riddles to give us to know, (*b*) that whoever enters the other

Wiſdom is the only true Coin; it fetches all Things: A rich Pearl that ought to be purchas'd at the Expence of our whole Eſtate.

Virtue without Wiſdom, is but a Shadow of Virtue.

True Virtues are Cleanſers and Privations, not Exchangers.

(*a*) Such as *Orpheus*, *Muſæus*, &c.

(*b*) There's a pleaſant Paſſage to this Purpoſe in the ſecond Book of his Republick: They ſay, that by Virtue of theſe Purifications and Sacrifices, we are deliver'd from the Torments of Hell; but if we neglect them, we ſhall be liable to all the Horrors of the ſame.

World

World without being initiated and purified, ſhall be hurled headlong into the vaſt Abyſs; and that whoever arrives there after due Purgation, and Expiation, ſhall be lodged in the Apartment of the Gods. For, as the Diſpenſers of thoſe Expiations ſay, "There are many who "bear the *(c) Thyrſus*, but few that "are poſſeſſed by the Spirit of God." Now thoſe who are thus poſſeſſed, as I take it, are true the Philoſophers. I have tried all Means to be liſted in that Number, and have made it the Buſineſs of my whole Life to compaſs my End. If it pleaſe God, I hope to know in a Minute that my Efforts have not been ineffectual, and that Succeſs has crowned my Endeavours. This, my dear *Simmias*, and my dear *Cebes*, is the Apology with which I offer to juſtify my not being troubled or afflicted for parting with you, and quitting my Governors in this Life; hoping to find good Friends and Rulers there, as well as here. This the Vulgar cannot digeſt. However, I ſhall be ſatisfied if my Defences take better with you than they did with my Judges.

The ancient Purifications are only *Ænigma's*. As if he had ſaid, many are devout, but few truly pious.

Socrates having thus ſpoke, *Cebes* took up the Diſcourſe to this Purpoſe. *Socrates*, I ſubſcribe to the Truth of all you have ſaid. There's only one Thing that Men look upon as incredible, *viz.* what you advanced of the Soul. For *(d)* almoſt every Body fancies, that when the

(c) The *Thyrſus* was a Spear wrapt in Vines, or Ivy, carried by the Followers of *Bacchus*.

(d) This was the Imagination of thoſe who denied the Immortality of the Soul. The Author of the Book of Wiſdom has ſet them in their true Colours. *Our Life* (ſays he) *is but a Breath; after Death it vaniſhes like a Vapour, and paſſes like a Cloud, or a Miſt diſpers'd by the Rays of the Sun.* Then he tells us, that thoſe who entertain themſelves with ſuch Language, *were not acquainted with the Secrets of God, for God created Man incorruptible, after his own Image, and the Hope of the Righteous is full of Immortality.* Now this is juſt *Socrates*'s Doctrine.

Soul

Soul parts from the Body, it is no more, it dies along with it; in the very Minute of parting, it vaniſhes, like a Vapour or Smoke, which flies off, and diſperſes, and has no Exiſtence. For if it ſubſiſted by itſelf, were gathered and retired into itſelf, and freed from all the abovementioned Evils; there were a fair and promiſing Proſpect, aſcertaining the Truth of what you have ſaid. But, that the Soul lives after the Death of a Man, that it is ſenſible, that it acts and thinks; that, I ſay, needs both Inſinuation, and ſolid Proofs to make it go down.

You ſay right, *Cebes*, replies *Socrates*: but how ſhall we manage the Affair? Shall we in this Interview examine whether that is probable or not?

I ſhall be mighty glad, ſays *Cebes*, to hear your Thoughts upon the Matter.

At leaſt, ſays *Socrates*, (*a*) I cannot think that any Man hearing us, tho' he were a Comedian, would upbraid me with Raillery, and charge me with not ſpeaking of ſuch Things as concern us very much. If you have a Mind that we ſhould trace this Affair to the Bottom; my Opinion is, that we ſhould proceed in the following Method in order to know whether the Souls of the Dead have a Being in the other World, or not.

(*b*) 'Tis a very ancient Opinion, that Souls quitting this World repair to the infernal Regions, and return after that to live in this World. If it be ſo, that Men return to Life after Death, it follows neceſſarily, that during that Interval, their Souls are lodged in the lower Regions: for if they had not a Being they could not return to this World. For this will be a ſufficient Proof of

(*a*) A Satirical Touch upon *Ariſtophanes*, who in his Comedy of the Clouds had charg'd *Socrates* with amuſing himſelf only with Trifles.

(*b*) The firſt Argument grounded on the Opinion of the *Metempſychoſis*; which *Socrates* only makes Uſe of to ſhew that it ſuppos'd the future Exiſtence of Souls for a certain Truth.

what

what we affirm *, if we be convinced that the Living ſpring from the Dead: if otherwiſe, then we muſt look out for other Proofs.

That's certain, ſays *Cebes*.

But to aſſure ourſelves of this Truth, replies *Socrates*; 'tis not ſufficient to examine the Point upon the Compariſon with Men; but likewiſe upon that with other Animals, Plants, and whatever has a vegetable Principle. By that means we ſhall be convinced that all Things are born after the ſame Manner; that is, whatever has a Contrary, owes its firſt Riſe to its Contrary. For Inſtance, Handſome is the Contrary to Ugly, and Juſt to Unjuſt. And the ſame is the Caſe of an infinite Number of other Things. Now, let's ſee if it be abſolutely neceſſary that whatever has a Contrary, ſhould ſpring from that Contrary. As when a Thing becomes bigger, of Neceſſity it muſt formerly have been leſſer, before it acquired that Magnitude. And when it dwindles into a leſſer Form, it muſt needs have been greater before its Diminution. In like Manner, the Strongeſt ariſes from the Weakeſt, and the Swifteſt from the Sloweſt.

That's a plain Truth, ſays *Cebes*.

And pray, continues *Socrates*, when a Thing becomes worſe, was it not formerly better? and when it grows juſt, is it not becauſe it was formerly more unjuſt?

Yes ſurely, *Socrates*.

* Since all Things take Riſe from their Contraries, Life cannot ſwerve from the common Rule. Now, if Life comes from Death, then the Soul has a Being. This is a certain Truth, but can only be made out by the Reſurrection. Wherefore St. *Paul* tells the Oppoſers of that Truth, "Thou Fool, that which thou ſow-"eſt is not quicken'd except it die," 1 *Cor.* xv. 36. *Socrates* goes upon the ſame Principle, but 'tis only the Chriſtian Religion that can explain it. *Plato* and *Socrates* had ſome Idea of the Reſurrection; but they ſpoil'd it by mingling it with the groſs Doctrine of *Pythagoras;* they drew falſe Conſequences from a Principle that's very true in itſelf. Beſides, this Principle has a very dangerous Error couch'd under it, which we refuted in the Preface.

Then

Then it is ſufficiently proved, that every thing is generated by its contrary.

Sufficiently, *Socrates*.

Between two Contraries there is always a *Medium*, which we may call the Point of their Generation.

But, is not there always a certain *Medium* between theſe two Contraries? There are two Births, or two Proceſſions, one of *this* from *that*, and another of *that* from *this*. The *Medium* between a greater and a leſſer Thing, is Increaſe and Diminution. The ſame is the Caſe of what we call mixing, ſeparating, heating, cooling, and all other Things *in infinitum*. For though it ſometimes falls out, that we have not Terms to expreſs thoſe Changes and *Mediums*, yet Experience ſhews, that by an abſolute Neceſſity, Things take Riſe from one another, and paſs reciprocally from one to another through a *Medium*.

There's no Doubt of that.

And what, continues *Socrates*, has not Life likewiſe its Contrary, as Awaking has Sleeping?

Without doubt, ſays *Cebes*.

What is the Contrary?

Death.

The Proceſſion of Life from Death, and that of Death from Life.

Since theſe two Things are contrary, do not they take Riſe one from the other? And between theſe two, are there not two Generations, or two Proceſſions?

Why not?

But, ſays *Socrates*, I am about to tell you how the now-mentioned Combination ſtands, and to ſhew you the Original and Progreſs of each of theſe two Things which make up the Compound. Pray tell me how awaking and ſleeping are related? Does not Sleep beget Watchfulneſs, and Watching Sleep? And is not the Generation of Sleep, the falling aſleep? and that of watching, the awaking?

Of watching and ſleeping.

All very clear.

Now,

Now, pray view the Combination of Life and Death. Is not Death the contrary of Life?

Yes.

And does not one breed the other?

Yes.

What is it that Life breeds?

Death.

What is it that Death breeds?

It muſt certainly be life.

Then, ſays *Socrates*, all living Things and Men, are bred from Death. A full Proof of the Reſurrection.

So I think, ſays *Cebes*.

And by Conſequence, continues *Socrates*, our Souls are lodged in the infernal World after our Death.

The Conſequence ſeems juſt.

But of theſe two Generations, one, *viz.* Death, is very palpable; it diſcovers itſelf to the Eye, and is touched by the Hand.

Moſt certainly.

Shall we not then attribute to Death the Virtue of producing its contrary, as well as to Life? Or, ſhall we ſay, that Nature is lame and maimed on that Score. If Death did not produce its Contrary, Nature would be defective.

There's an abſolute Neceſſity, replies *Cebes*, of aſcribing to Death the Generation of its Contrary.

What is that Contrary?

Reviving, or returning to Life.

If there is ſuch a Thing as returning to Life, 'tis nothing elſe but the Birth of the Dead returning to Life. And thus we agree, that the Living are as much the Product of the Dead, as the Dead are of the Living. Which is an inconteſtible Proof, that the Souls of the Dead muſt remain in ſome Place or other, from whence they return to Life.

That, as I take it, *Cebes*, is a neceſſary Conſequence from the Principles we have agreed on.

And, as I take it, *Cebes*, theſe Principles are well grounded: conſider them yourſelf. § If all theſe Contraries had not their Productions and Generations in their Turns, which make a Circle; and if there were nothing but one Birth, and one direct Production from one to the other Contrary, without the Return of the laſt Contrary to the firſt that produced it; were it not ſo, all Things would terminate in the ſame Figure, and be affected in the ſame Manner, and at laſt ceaſe to be born.

How do you ſay, *Socrates*?

A Proof of the laſt Propoſition.

There's no difficulty in conceiving what I now ſay. If there was nothing but Sleep, and if Sleep did not produce Watching, † 'tis plain that every Thing would be an Emblem of the Fable of *Endymion*, and nothing would be ſeen any where, becauſe the ſame Thing muſt happen to them which happened to *Endymion*, *viz.* they muſt always ſleep. If every Thing were mingled without any ſubſequent Separation, we ſhould quickly ſee *Anaxagoras*'s Doctrine fulfilled, and all things jumbled together. At the ſame Rate, my dear *Cebes*, * if all living Things died, and being dead, continued ſuch without reviving, would not all Things unavoidably come to an End at laſt, inſomuch that there would not be a living Thing left in Being? For if living Things did (*a*) not ariſe from dead one's, when the living one's die, of Neceſſity all things muſt at laſt be ſwallowed up by Death, and entirely annihilated.

§ If Death did not give Riſe to Life, as Life does to Death, all Things would quickly be at an End, and tumble into their primitive Chaos.

† If Life did not ſpring from Death, all Things would at laſt ſleep like *Endymion*, whom the Moon lull'd eternally aſleep, according to the Fable.

* That is to ſay, all Things would quickly tumble into their primitive Chaos.

(*a*) I've corrected this Paſſage by reading μη γινοιτο, for without μη 'twas not ſenſe.

It is neceſſarily ſo, replies *Cebes*; all that you have ſaid ſeems to be unconteſtable.

'Tis certain that Death muſt deliver up thoſe it has ſwallowed.

As I take it, *Cebes*, there is no Objection made againſt thoſe Truths, neither are we miſtaken in receiving them; for 'tis certain there is a Return toLife; 'tis certain that the Living riſe out of the Dead; that the Souls departed *(a)* have a Being, and upon their Return to this Life, the good Souls are in a better, and the bad ones in a worſe Condition.

What you now advance, ſays *Cebes*; interrupting *Socrates*, is only a neceſſary Conſequence of another Principle that I have often heard you lay down, *viz.* That *(b)* all our acquired Knowledge is only Remembrance. For, if that Principle be true, we muſt neceſſarily have learnt at another Time what we call to mind in this. Now that's impoſſible, unleſs our Soul had a Being before its being inveſted with this human Form. So that this ſame Principle concludes the Immortality of the Soul.

But *Cebes*, ſays *Simmias*, interrupting him, what Demonſtration have we of that Principle? Pray refreſh my Memory with it, for at preſent it is out of my Head.

There's a very pretty Demonſtration for it, replies *Cebes*. All Men being duly interrogated, find out all Things of themſelves; which they could never do without Knowledge and right Reaſon. Put them at unawares upon the Figures of Geometry, and other Things of that Nature, they'll preſently perceive that 'tis as 'tis ſaid.

Simmias, ſays *Socrates*, if you will not rely upon this Experience, pray try whether the ſame Method will not bring you over to our Sentiments. Do you find

(*a*) *Socrates* in this Place ſeems only to own one Return to this Life, which is that of the Reſurrection.

(*b*) *Socrates* made Uſe of that Principle, as being eſtabliſh'd to his Hands, and a neceſſary Conſequence of the Creation of Souls before the Body. But he did not teach it for a Certainty, as we ſhall ſee in *Menon*.

great Difficulty in believing that Learning is only Remembring?

I do not find very much, replies *Simmias*; but I would gladly learn that Remembrance you ſpeak of. By what *Cebes* has ſaid, I almoſt remember it, and I begin to believe it; but that ſhall not hinder me from hearing with Pleaſure the Arguments you can offer for it.

I argue thus, replies *Socrates*: We all agree, that in Order to remember, a Man muſt have known before what he then calls to Mind.

Moſt certainly.

* And let us likewiſe agree upon this, that Knowledge coming in a certain Manner is Remembrance. I ſay, in a certain Manner: for Inſtance, when a Man by ſeeing, hearing, or perceiving a Thing by any of the Senſes, knows what it is that thus ſtrikes the Senſes; and at the ſame Time imagines to himſelf another Thing, independent of that Knowledge; by Virtue of a quite different Knowledge; do not we juſtly ſay, that the Man remembers the Thing that comes thus into his Mind?

How do you ſay, replies *Simmias*?

I ſay, replies *Socrates*, for Example, that we know a Man by one Sort of Knowledge, and a Harp by another.

That's certain, quoth *Simmias*.

Well then, continues *Socrates*, do not you know what happens to Lovers, when they ſee the Harp, Habit, or any other thing that their Friends or Miſtreſſes uſed to make Uſe of? It is juſt as I ſaid but now. Upon ſeeing and knowing the Harp, they form in their Thoughts the Image of the Perſon to whom the Harp

* *Socrates*'s Proofs only conclude a Remembrance of Things once known, and afterwards forgot in this Life; not of Things learnt in the other World: for the Soul is not created before the Body. This Doctrine of Remembrance is of admirable Uſe for making out Original Sin; as I have ſhewed in the Introduction.

belongs.

belongs. This is Remembrance. Thus it often falls out that one ſeeing (*b*) *Simmias*, thinks of *Cebes*. I could cite a Thouſand Inſtances. This then is Remembrance, eſpecially when the Things called to Mind are ſuch as had been forgot thro' Length of Time, or being out of Sight.

That's very certain, quoth *Simmias*.

But, continues *Socrates*, upon ſeeing the Picture of a Horſe or Harp, may not one call to mind the Man? and upon ſeeing the Picture of *Simmias*, may not one think of *Cebes*?

Sure enough, ſays *Simmias*.

Much more, continues *Socrates*, upon ſeeing the Picture of *Simmias*, will he call to Mind *Simmias* himſelf.

Ay, with Eaſe.

From all theſe Inſtances we infer, that Remembrance is occaſioned ſometimes by Things that are like the Thing remembered, and ſometimes by Things that are unlike. But when one remembers a Thing by Virtue of a Likeneſs, does it not neceſſarily come to paſs, that the Mind at firſt View diſcovers whether the Picture does reſemble the Thing deſigned, lamely, or perfectly?

It muſt needs be ſo, replies *Simmias*.

Then pray mind whether your Thoughts of what I am about to ſay, agree with mine. (*c*) Is not there ſomething that we call Equality? I do not ſpeak of the Equality between one Tree and another, one Stone and another, and ſeveral other Things that are alike: I ſpeak of the abſtracted Equality of Things. Shall we call that ſomething or nothing?

Surely, we ſhould call it ſomething; but that will only come to paſs when we mean to ſpeak philoſophically and of marvellous Things.

(*b*) By Reaſon of their Intimacy, which occaſioned their being always together.

(*c*) He ſpeaks of an intelligible, not a ſenſible Equality.

But then do we know this Equality?

Without Doubt.

(*a*) From whence do we derive that Knowledge? Is it not from the Things we mentioned but now? 'Tis upon ſeeing equal Trees, equal Stones, and ſeveral other Things of the Nature, that we form the Idea of that Equality, which is not either the Trees or the Stones, but ſomething abſtracted from all Subjects. Do not you find it ſuch? Pray take Notice. The Stones and the Trees are always the ſame, and yet do not they ſometimes appear unequal?

He means to prove, that the Knowledge of this intelligible Equality cannot be acquired in this World, and therefore muſt be refer'd to the other.

Sure enough.

What! Do equal Things appear unequal? Or, does Equality take up the Form of Inequality?

By no Means, *Socrates*.

Then Equality, and the Thing which is equal, are two different Things.

Otherwiſe Equality and Inequality would meet in the ſame Subject; which is a Contradiction.

Moſt certainly.

But after all, theſe equal Things, which are different from Equality, furniſh us with the Idea and Knowledge of that abſtracted Equality.

That's true, replies *Simmias*.

The caſe is the ſame, whether this Equality bears a Reſemblance to the Things that occaſioned its Idea, or not.

Moſt certainly.

When, upon ſeeing one Thing, you call to Mind another, 'tis no Matter if it be like it or not? ſtill it is Remembrance.

(*a*) *Socrates* is out in thinking to prove that the Knowledge of intelligible Qualities was acquir'd in the other World. That Knowledge is the Effect of Light with which God illuminates the Soul, or the Tracks of Impreſſion that are not quite defaced by Sin: 'Tis the Remainder of the Knowledge we have loſt, and of the Perfection we have forfeited. So that, if *the other Life* be taken in *Socrates*'s Senſe, the Propoſition is falſe; if in ours, for the State of the Soul before Sin, 'tis true.

Withou

Without Doubt.

But what ſhall we ſay to this, continues *Socrates*; when we behold Trees or other Things that are equal, are they equal according to the Equality of which we have the Idea, or not?

For the ſenſible Equality is never ſo perfect as the intellectual.

Very far from it.

Then we agree upon this. When a Man ſees a Thing before him, and thinks it would be equal to another Thing, but at the ſame Time is far from being ſo perfectly equal, as the Equality of which he has the Idea: then I ſay, (*b*) he who thinks thus, muſt neceſſarily have known beforehand this intellectual Being which the Thing reſembles, but imperfectly.

There's an abſolute Neceſſity for that.

And is not the Caſe the ſame, when we compare Things equal with the Equality?

Sure enough, *Socrates*.

Then of neceſſity we muſt have known that Equality before the Time, in which we ſaw the equal Things, and thereupon thought, that they all tended to be equal as Equality itſelf, but could not reach it.

That's certain.

This Principle is true, but the Conſequence he draws from it is falſe

But we likewiſe agree upon this, That this Thought can be derived from nothing elſe but one of our Senſes, from ſeeing, touching, or feeling one way or other: And the ſame concluſion will hold of all Beings, whether intellectual or ſenſible.

All Things will equally conclude for what you deſign.

Then, 'tis from the Senſes themſelves that we derive this Thought; that all the Objects of our Senſes have a Tendency towards this intellectual Equality, but come ſhort of it; Is it not?

Yes, without Doubt, *Socrates*.

(*b*) Though he muſt have known it, it does not follow that he knew it in the other Life, unleſs it be thereby meant the very Inſtant of the Creation of the Soul.

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In Effect, *Simmias*, (*a*) before we began to ſee, feel, or uſe our Senſes, we muſt have had the Knowledge of this intellectual Equality; elſe we could not be capable to compare it with the ſenſible Things, and perceive that they have all a Tendency towards it, but fall ſhort of its Perfection.

That's a neceſſary Conſequence from the premiſes.

But is it not certain, That immediately after our Birth, we ſaw, we heard, and made Uſe of our other Senſes?

Very true.

Then it follows, that before that Time we had the Knowledge of that Equality?

Without Doubt.

This Conſequence is only true in our Senſe

(*b*) And by Conſequence we were poſſeſſed of it before we were born.

So I think.

If we poſſeſſed it before we were born, then we knew Things before we were born, and immediately after our Birth; knew not only what is equal, what great, what ſmall, but all other Things of that Nature. For what we now advance of Equality, is equally applicable to Goodneſs, Juſtice, Sanctity; and, in a Word, to all other Things that have a real (*c*) Exiſtence. So that of Neceſſity we muſt have known all theſe Things before we came into this World.

That's certain.

(*a*) One might have anſwered, That we had not that Knowledge before we were born, but receiv'd it afterwards by the gradual Communication of Light from God into the Soul. But as 'tis certain that the Soul was created full of Light and Perfection, ſo this Truth was known to the *Pagans*, and upon that Account *Socrates*'s Friends were oblig'd to aſſent to what he ſaid. And after all, if, by the firſt Life of the Soul we underſtand the very inſtant of Creation, or the State of the Soul before the Fall, the Propoſition is true.

(*b*) We knew before we ſinn'd: we loſt our Knowledge by ſinning; and recall it again by Virtue of the Light imparted by God to the Soul.

(*c*) The *Greek* Expoſition is very remarkable; it turns thus, *Things upon which we have put this Stamp, That 'tis ſo.* That is, to diſtinguiſh Things that have a true Exiſtence, from ſenſible Things that have no true Exiſtence.

And

And being poſſeſſed of that Knowledge, if we did not forget apace every Day, we ſhould not only be born with it, but retain it all our Life-time. For to know, is only to preſerve the Knowledge we have received, and not to loſe it. And to forget, is to loſe the Knowledge we enjoy'd before.

That's certain, *Socrates*.

Now if, after having poſſeſſed that Knowledge before we were born, and having loſt it ſince, we come to retrieve it by the Miniſtry of our Senſes, which we call Learning, ſhall we not juſtly entitle it *Remembrance?*

With a great deal of Reaſon, *Socrates*.

(*d*) For we have agreed upon this; that 'tis very poſſible, that a Man ſeeing, hearing, or perceiving one Thing by any of his Senſes, ſhould frame to himſelf the Imagination of another Thing that he had forgot; to which the Thing perceived by the Senſes has ſome Relation, whether it reſembles the other, or not. So that one of two Things muſt neceſſarily follow; Either we were born with that Knowledge, and preſerved it all along; or elſe retrieved it afterwards by Way of Remembrance. Which of theſe two do you pitch upon *Simmias?* Are we born with that Knowledge; or do we call it to Mind after having had it, and forgot it?

Indeed, *Socrates*, I do not know which to chuſe at preſent. But mind what I'm about to ſay to you, and then let's ſee which you'll chuſe. A Man that knows any Thing, can he give a Reaſon of his Knowledge or not?

Doubtleſs he can, *Socrates*.

And you think all Men can give a Reaſon for what we have been ſpeaking of?

A great Panegyrick upon *Socrates*. What Modeſty was this in *Plato?*

I wiſh they could, replies *Simmias*; but I'm afraid to morrow we ſhall have none here that's capable to do it.

Then you think all Men have not this Knowledge?

No ſure.

(*d*) 'Twas agreed before, that upon ſeeing one Thing, we call to mind another unſeen; as upon ſeeing a Lute we think of a Miſtreſs; upon ſeeing equal Trees we call to mind Equality.

Do

(*a*) Do they call to mind then, the Things they have known?

That may be.

At what Time did our Souls learn that Knowledge? It cannot be ſince we were Men.

No ſure.

Then it muſt be ſome Time before that?

Yes without doubt.

But this is a falſe Principle.

And by Conſequence, *Simmias*, our Souls had a Being before that Time; that is to ſay, before they were inveſted with a human Form, while they were without the Body, they thought they knew, and underſtood.

Unleſs you'll allow, *Socrates*, that we learned it in the Minute of our Birth: There's no other Time left.

Be it ſo, my dear *Simmias*, (*b*) but at what other Time did we loſe it? For we did not bring it into the World with us, as we concluded but now. Did we loſe it in the ſame Minute that we obtain'd it? Or can you aſſign any other Time?

No, *Socrates*, I did not perceive that what I ſaid was to no purpoſe.

* Then, *Simmias*, this muſt be a ſtanding Truth: That if the Objects of our daily Converſation, have a real Exiſtence; I mean, if Juſtice, Goodneſs, and all

(*a*) If they are not born with that Knowledge, then they muſt have forgot it, and recoverd it again by way of Remembrance. A falſe Conſequence.

(*b*) All the Heathen Philoſophers are at a Loſs to find out the Time of thus forgetting. They were ſenſible that God created the Soul full of Light and Underſtanding, but did not permit that the firſt Man loſt that Light and Knowledge by his Rebellion; and that if he had continued Innocent, he had tranſmitted to us thoſe valuable Qualities together with his Innocence; as well as now he is fallen, he tranſmitted to us Obſcurity and Sin.

* *Socrates* means to prove that as Goodneſs, Juſtice, and all thoſe intelligible Beings, which are the Patterns of the ſenſible and real Beings, ſubſiſt intelligibly in God from all Eternity; ſo our Soul exiſts by itſelf, and has an eternal Being in the Idea of God; and from this Idea it derives all its Knowledge.

that

that Eſſence with which we compare the Objects of our Senſes, and which having an Exiſtence before us, proves to be of the ſame Nature with our own Eſſence, and is the Standard by which we meaſure all Things; I ſay, if all theſe Things have a real Exiſtence, our Soul is likewiſe entitled to Exiſtence, and that before we were born; and if theſe Things have no Being, then all our Diſcourſes are uſeleſs. Is it not a ſtanding Truth, and withal a juſt and neceſſary Conſequence, that the Exiſtence of our Souls before our Birth, ſtands and falls with that of thoſe Things?

The Parallel is not juſt. All theſe intelligible Beings are nothing elſe but God himſelf; but the Soul is not God, it is the Work of God.

That Conſequence, replies *Simmias*, ſeems to me to be equally juſt and wonderful; and the Reſult of the whole Diſcourſe affords ſomething very glorious and deſirable on our Behalf, ſince it concludes, that before we were born, our Souls had an Exiſtence, as well as that intelligible Eſſence you mentioned but now. For my Part, I think there's nothing more evident, and more ſenſible, than the Exiſtence of all theſe Things, Goodneſs, Juſtice, *&c.* and you have ſufficiently made it out.

Now for *Cebes*, ſays *Socrates*; for *Cebes* muſt likewiſe be convinced.

I believe, replies *Simmias*, tho' he is the ſtiffeſt Man upon Earth, and very much Proof againſt Arguments, yet he'll own your Proof to be very convincing. In the mean Time, though I am ſufficiently convinced that our Souls had a Being before we were born, I have not yet heard ſufficient Proof for its continuing after our Death. For that popular Opinion, which *Cebes* mentioned but now, remains in all its Force, *viz.* That after the Death of Man, the Soul diſperſes and ceaſes to be. And indeed, I cannot ſee why the Soul ſhould not be born, or proceed from ſome Part or other, and have a Being before it animates the Body in this Life; and when it removes from the Body, ceaſes to be, and makes its Exit as well as the Body.

You

You ſpeak well, *Simmias*, ſays *Cebes*; to my Mind, *Socrates* has only proved the Half of what he propoſed. 'Tis true, he has demonſtrated that the Soul has a Being before the Body; but to compleat his Demonſtration, he ſhould have proved that our Soul has an Exiſtence after Death, as well as before this Life.

But I have demonſtrated it to you both, replies *Socrates*; and you'll be ſenſible of it, if you join this laſt Proof with what you acknowledged before, *viz.* That the Living riſe from the Dead. * For if 'tis true, that our Soul was in Being before we were born; then of neceſſity, when it comes to Life, it proceeds, ſo to ſpeak, from the Boſom of Death; and why ſhould it not lie under the ſame Neceſſity of being after Death, ſince it muſt return to Life? Thus what you ſpeak of is made out. But I perceive both of you deſire to ſound this Matter to the Bottom; and are apprehenſive, like Children, that when the Soul departs the Body, the Winds run away with it, and diſperſe it, eſpecially when a Man dies in an open Country in a Place expoſed to the Winds.

Whereupon *Cebes*, ſmiling, replied, pray then, *Socrates*, try to diſcuſs our Fears, or rather convince us, as if we feared nothing. Though indeed there be ſome among us, who lie under thoſe childiſh Apprehenſions. Perſuade us then not to fear Death, as a vain Phantom.

These Spells and Exorciſms muſt be looked for in the Word of God.

As for that, ſays *Socrates*, you muſt employ Spells and Exorciſms every Day till you be cured.

But pray, *Socrates*, where ſhall we meet with an excellent Conjurer, ſince you are going to leave us?

* Tho' our Soul has no Being before our coming into the World, yet it continues after Death, ſince it muſt return to Life by the Reſurrection, and the Living take Riſe from the Dead. The Defeat of Death is the Triumph of Life. This Proof of the neceſſary Riſe of the Living from the Dead, is an admirable Support for our Chriſtian Hope.

Greece

Greece is large enough, replies *Socrates*, and well ſtor'd with learn'd Men. Beſides, there are a great many barbarous Nations, which you muſt ſcour in Order to find out the Conjurer, without ſparing either Labour or Charges: For you cannot imploy your Money in a better Cauſe. You muſt likewiſe look for one among yourſelves; for 'tis poſſible there may be none found more capable to perform thoſe Enchantments, than yourſelves.

'Twas from thoſe Nations whom he calls barbarous, that he deriv'd the Rays of that Truth, that the Soul is immortal.

We ſhall obey your Order, *Socrates*, in looking out for one: But in the mean while, if you pleaſe, let's reſume our former diſcourſe.

With all my Heart, *Cebes*.

Well ſaid, *Socrates*.

* The firſt Queſtion, we ought to ask ourſelves, ſays *Socrates*, is, What Sorts of Things they are that are apt to be diſſipated; what Things are liable to that Accident, and what Part of thoſe Things? Then we muſt enquire into the Nature of Soul, and form our Fears or Hopes accordingly.

That's very true.

Is it not only certain, that only compounded Things, or ſuch as are of a compoundable Nature, admit of being diſſipated at the ſame Rate that they were compounded? If there are any uncompounded Beings, they alone are free from this Accident, and naturally uncapable of diſſipation.

Only compounded Things can naturally be diſſipated.

He adds *naturally*, becauſe the Will of God may controul Nature.

That I think is very clear, replies *Cebes*.

* Hitherto *Socrates* endeavour'd to make good the Exiſtence of Souls before their Bodies, as being a Point of the receiv'd Theology. And foraſmuch as the Principle is falſe, 'twas impoſſible for him to give a better Proof, ſince a Lye does not admit of Demonſtration. But now he is about to make good the future Exiſtence and Immortality of the Soul, by ſolid and unſhaken Arguments.

Is it not very likely, that Things which are always the ſame, and in the ſame Condition, are not at all compounded; and that thoſe which are liable to perpetual Changes, and are never the ſame, are certainly compounded?

Change a Sign of Compoſition.

I am of your Mind, *Socrates*.

Let us betake ourſelves to the Things we were ſpeaking of but now, the Exiſtence whereof is never conteſted either in Queſtion or Anſwer; are theſe always the ſame, or do they ſometimes change? Equality, Beauty, Goodneſs, and every ſingular Thing, *i. e.* the Eſſence itſelf; do theſe receive the leaſt Alteration, or are they ſo pure and ſimple, that they continue always the ſame, without undergoing the leaſt Change?

Intellectual Beings, *&c.*

Of neceſſity, replies *Cebes*, they muſt continue ſtill the ſame without Alteration.

And all theſe fine Things, ſays *Socrates*, ſuch as Men, Horſes, Habits, Moveables, and a great many other Things of the ſame Nature, are they intirely oppoſite to the former, that they never continue in the ſame Condition, either with Reference to themſelves, or others: but are ſubject to perpetual Alterations?

They never continue in the ſame Condition, replies *Cebes*.

Now theſe are the Things that are viſible, touchable, perceptible by ſome other Senſe; whereas the former, which continue ſtill the ſame, can only be reached by Thought, as being immaterial and inviſible.

That's true, *Socrates*.

If you pleaſe, continues *Socrates*, I'll inſtance in two Things, the one viſible, the other inviſible; one ſtill the ſame, and the other betraying continual Alterations.

With all my Heart, ſays *Cebes*.

Let's ſee then; Are not we compounded of a Body and a Soul? or is there any other Ingredient in our Compoſition?

No, ſure.

Which of the two Kinds of Things does our Body moſt reſemble?

All

All Men own that it is moſt conformable to the viſible Sort.

And pray, my dear *Cebes*, is our Soul viſible or inviſible?

At leaſt 'tis inviſible to Men.

He adds *to Men*, implying that 'tis viſible to God.

But when we ſpeak of viſible or inviſible Things, we mean with Reference to Men, without minding any other Nature. Once more then; is the Soul viſible, or not?

'Tis not viſible.

Then 'tis immaterial and inviſible?

Yes.

And by Conſequence the Soul is more conformable than the Body to the inviſible Kind of Things; and the Body ſuits better with the viſible?

There's an abſolute Neceſſity for that.

The Condition of the Soul when engaged in Matter.

Its Condition when diſengaged.

Wiſdom is that State of the Soul when 'tis divorced from the Paſſions of the Body, and united conſtantly to God.

When the Soul makes uſe of the Body in conſidering any Thing, by ſeeing, hearing, or any other Senſe, (that being the ſole Function of the Body, to conſider Things by the Senſes) ſhould not we then ſay that the Body draws the Soul upon mutable Things? In this Condition its ſtrays, frets, ſtaggers, and is giddy like a man in Drink, by reaſon of its being engaged in Matter. Whereas when it purſues Things by itſelf, without calling in the Body, it betakes itſelf to what is Pure, Immortal, Immutable; and, as being of the ſame Nature, dwells conſtantly upon it while it is Maſter of itſelf. Then its Errors are at an End, and it is always the ſame, as being united to what never changes: And this Paſſion of the Soul is what we call Wiſdom or Prudence.

That's admirably well ſpoke, *Socrates*, and a very great Truth.

After all then, which Sort of Things does the Soul ſeem to reſemble moſt?

To my Mind, *Socrates*, there's no Man ſo ſtupid and ſtiff, as not to be obliged by your Method of arguing, to acknowledge that the Soul bears a greater Reſemblance and Conformity to the immutable Being, than to that which is always upon the Change.

And as for the Body?

It bears a greater Reſemblance to the other.

Let's try yet another Way. During the Conjunction of Body and Soul, Nature orders the one to obey and be a Slave, and the other to command and hold the Empire. Which of theſe two Characters is moſt ſuitable to the Divine Being; and which to that that is Mortal? Are not you ſenſible, that the Divine is only capable of commanding and ruling; and what is Mortal is only worthy of Obedience and Slavery?

The Soul being the Image of God, ought to command, and the Body to obey.

Sure enough.

Which of theſe two then agrees beſt with the Soul?

'Tis evident, *Socrates*, that our Soul reſembles what is Divine, and our Body what is Mortal.

You ſee then, my dear *Cebes*, the neceſſary Reſult of all is, that our Soul bears a ſtrict Reſemblance to what is Divine, Immortal, Intellectual, Simple, Indiſſolvable; and is always the ſame, and always like it: and that our Body does perfectly reſemble what is human, mortal, ſenſible, compounded, diſſolvable, always changing, and never like itſelf. Can any Thing be alledg'd to deſtroy that Conſequence, or to make out the contrary?

The Nature of the Soul.

The Nature of the Body.

No, ſure, *Socrates*.

Does not it then ſuit with the Body to be quickly diſſolved, and with the Soul to be always indiſſolvable, or ſomething very near it?

That's a ſtanding Truth.

(*a*) Accordingly

(*a*) Accordingly you ſee every Day, when a Man dies, his viſible Body, that continues expos'd to our View, and which we call the Corpſe, that alone admits of Diſſolution, Alteration, and Diſſipation: this, I ſay, does not immediately undergo any of theſe Accidents, but continues a pretty while in its entire Form, or in its Flower, if I may ſo ſpeak, (*b*) eſpecially in this Seaſon. Bodies embalmed after the Manner of thoſe in *Egypt*, (*c*) remain entire for an infinity of Years: and even in thoſe that corrupt, there are always ſome Parts, ſuch as the Bones, Nerves, and the like, that continue in a Manner immortal. Is not this true?

Very true.

Now as for the Soul, which is an inviſible Being, that goes to a Place like itſelf, marvellous, pure, and inviſible, in the infernal World; and returns to a God full of Goodneſs and Wiſdom; which I hope will be the Fate of my Soul in a Minute, if it pleaſe God. Shall a Soul of this Nature, and created with all theſe Advantages, be diſſipated and annihilated, as ſoon as it

(*a*) *Socrates* is about to ſhew the Ridiculouſneſs of the Opinion of the Soul's Diſſipation after Death. What, ſhall the Body, a compounded Being, ſubſiſt a pretty while after Death; and the Soul, a ſimple Being, be immediately diſſipated? After what has been ſaid, the Ridiculouſneſs is very plain.

(*b*) This Paſſage is enough to ſtun the Criticks, who make a great Buſtle to find out the preciſe Time of *Socrates*'s Death; and after ſtraining hard in demonſtrating the *Attick* Calendar, and computing its Months, aſſure us he died in the Month of *July*. Here, to their great Misfortune, *Socrates* himſelf ſays, he died in the Seaſon in which Corpſe keep beſt. The Month of *July* is not entitled to that Character, eſpecially in *Greece*. So that they muſt make a new Computation. But how came this Paſſage to eſcape their View? The Reaſon is plain: Moſt of them do not read the Originals. When they look for any thing, they content themſelves with running over a Tranſlation. Now the Tranſlation of this Paſſage is very faulty. Neither *Marſilius Ficinus* nor *De Serres* underſtood it. They took ὥρᾳ for the good Condition and Entireneſs of the Parts; whereas it ſignifies the Seaſon. Upon which Miſtake, the one renders ἐν τοιαύτῃ ὥρᾳ, *cum quadam moderatione*; and the other, *corpore perbelle affecto*.

(*c*) That is to ſay, without Corruption or Wounds.

parts from the Body, as moſt Men believe? No ſuch thing, my dear *Simmias*, and my dear *Cebes*. I'll tell you what will rather come to paſs, and what we ought to believe ſteadily. If the Soul retain its Purity without any Mixture of Filth from the Body, as having entertained no voluntary Correſpondence with it; but on the contrary, having always avoided it, and recollected itſelf within itſelf in continual Meditations; that is, in ſtudying the true Philoſophy, and effectually learning to die; for Philoſophy is a Preparation to Death: I ſay, if the Soul departs in this Condition, it repairs to a Being like itſelf, a Being that's divine, immortal, and full of Wiſdom; in which it enjoys an inexpreſſible Felicity, as being freed from its Errors, its Ignorance, its Fears, its Amours, that tyrannized over it, and all the other Evils pertaining to humanNature: and as 'tis ſaid of thoſe who have been initiated in holy Myſteries, it truly paſſes a whole Courſe of Eternity with the Gods. Ought not this to be the Matter of our Belief?

The State of the departed Souls of thoſe who ſerved God in Sincerity all their Lifetime.

The Initiation into Myſteries was only a Shadow of what was to be compleated in the other World.

Sure enough, *Socrates*.

But if the Soul depart full of Uncleanneſs and Impurity, as having been all along mingled with the Body, always employed in its Service, always poſſeſſed by the Love of it, wheedled and charmed by its Pleaſures and Luſts; inſomuch that its believed there was nothing real or true beyond what is corporeal; what may be ſeen, touched, drank, or eaten, or what is the Object of carnal Pleaſure; that it hated, dreaded, and avoided what the Eyes of the Body could not deſcry, and all that is intelligible, and can only be enjoyed by Philoſophy: Do you think, I ſay, that a Soul in this Condition can depart pure and ſimple from the Body?

The future State of impure Souls

Impure Souls believe there's no Reality in any Thing but what is corporeal.

All intelligible Things are only Obſcurity to the Eyes of the Body.

No

No ſure, *Socrates*, that's impoſſible.

A Soul polluted and beſpattered with Filth.

On the contrary, it departs ſtained with corporeal Pollution, which was rendered natural to it by its continual Commerce and too intimate Union with the Body, at a Time when it was its conſtant Companion, and was ſtill employed in ſerving and gratifying it.

Moſt certainly.

This Pollution, my dear *Cebes*, is a groſs, heavy, earthy, and viſible Maſs; and the Soul loaded with ſuch a Weight, is dragged into that viſible Place, not only by the Weight, but by its own dreading the Light and the invisible Place; and, as we commonly ſay, it wanders in the § Church-yards,

Impure Spirits frequenting Sepulchres.

round the Tombs, where dark Phantoms and Apparitions are often ſeen; ſuch as theſe Souls that did not depart the Body in Purity or Simplicity, but polluted with that earthy and viſible Matter that makes them degenerate into a viſible Form.

That's very likely, *Socrates*.

Yes without doubt, *Cebes*; and 'tis alſo likely that 'tis not the good but the bad Souls that are forced to wander in thoſe Places of Impurity; where they ſuffer for their former ill Life, and continue to wander, till, thro' the Love they have to this corporeal Maſs, which always follows them, they engage again in a new Body, and in all Probability plunge themſelves into the ſame Manners and Paſſions, as were the Occupation of their firſt Life.

An Error taken from *Pythagoras*'s *Metempſychoſis*, taken in a groſs Senſe.

§ *Socrates* ſpeaks here of the impure Spirits that dwelt among the Tombs in Churchyards, ſuch as are mentioned in the Goſpel, *Matth.* viii. 28. *Mark*, v. 2. *Luke* viii. 26. which wandered Night and Day round the Tombs and upon the Mountains. He alledges they were corrupt and polluted Souls, which bore the Pollution they had contracted by Sin, in plunging themſelves too deep in Matter.

How do you ſay, *Socrates?*

I ſay, *Cebes*, that for Inſtance, thoſe who made their Belly their God, and loved nothing but Indolence and Impurity, without any Shame, and without any Reſerve; thoſe * enter into the Bodies of Aſſes or ſuch like Creatures: Do not you think this very probable?

Yes ſure, *Socrates.*

And thoſe Souls which loved only Injuſtice, Tyranny, and Rapine, are, employ'd to animate the Bodies of Wolves, Hawks, and Faulcons. Where elſe ſhould Souls of that Stamp go?

No where elſe, *Socrates.*

The Caſe of all the reſt is much the ſame. They go to animate the Bodies of Beaſts of different Species according as they reſemble their firſt Courſes.

According to theſe Principles, it cannot be otherwiſe.

The Fate of thoſe who are temperate and juſt by Habit, without the Aſſiſtance of Philoſophy.

The happieſt of all theſe Men, whoſe Souls are ſent to the moſt agreeable Place, are thoſe who have always made a Profeſſion of popular and civil Virtues, which are call'd *Temprance* and *Juſtice*; to which they have brought themſelves only by Habit and Exerciſe, without any Aſſiſtance from Philoſophy and the Mind.

How can they be ſo happy then?

* In the Life of *Plato*, we took Notice of this Opinion of Souls paſſing into other Bodies, whether men or Beaſts; and endeavoured to diſcover its Source. I ſhall only add, that by *Socrates*'s Way of expreſſing himſelf, one would believe that this imaginary Tranſmigration of Souls was grounded upon thoſe impure Spirits that enter'd into Men and Beaſts. We are not to doubt, but that in thoſe Times of Obſcurity, under the real Empire of the Devil, there were a great many People poſſeſs'd in that Manner; and that was a ſufficient Ground for forming the Idea of the Tranſmigration of Souls, that being moſt apt to frighten them. They fancied that theſe impure Spirits took to themſelves Bodies in the Sepulchres where they dwelt.

'Tis

'Tis probable that after their Death, their Souls are join'd to the Bodies of politick and meek Animals, such as Bees, Wasps, and Ants; or else return to human Bodies, and become temperate and wise Men. But as for approaching to the Nature of God, that is not at all allowed to those who did not live philosophically, and whose Souls did not depart with all their Purity. That great Privilege is reserv'd for the Lovers of true Wisdom. And 'tis upon the Consideration of this, My dear *Simmias*, and my dear *Cebes* that the † true Philosophers renounce the Desires of the Body, and keep themselves up from its Lusts; they are not apprehensive of the Ruin of their Families, or of Poverty, as the Vulgar are, and those who are wedded to their Riches: they fear neither Ignominy nor Reproach, as those do who court only Dignities and Honour. In a word, they renounce Things all and even themselves.

It would not be suitable for them to do otherwise, replies *Cebes*.

No sure, continues *Socrates*. In the like Manner, all those who value their Souls, and do not live for the Body, depart from all such Lusts, and follow a different Course from those insensible Creatures that do not know where they go. They are persuaded that they ought not to do any Thing contrary to Philosophy, or harbour any Thing that destroys its Purifications and retards their Liberty; and accordingly resign themselves to its Conduct, and follow it whithersoever it leads them.

They are insensible that know not where they go.

The Purifications of Philosophy.

How do you say, *Socrates*?

I'll explain it to you. The Philosophers finding their Soul tied and chained to the Body, and by that means obliged to employ the Body in the Pursuit of Objects

† A fine Character of true Philosophers. They fear neither Poverty, Ignominy, nor Death: they renounce themselves, and all Things besides.

which

which it cannot follow alone, ſo that it ſtill floats in an Abyſs of Ignorance, are very ſenſible that the Force of this Bond lies in its own Deſires, inſomuch that the Priſoner itſelf helps to lock up the Chains. They are ſenſible that Philoſophy coming to ſeize upon the Soul in this Condition, gently inſtructs and comforts it, and endeavours to diſengage it, by giving it to know, that the Eye of the Body is full of Illuſion and Deceit, as well as all its other Senſes, by advertiſing it not to uſe the Body farther than Neceſſity requires; and adviſing it to recollect and ſhut up itſelf within itſelf; to receive no Diſpoſition but its own, after it has examined within itſelf the intrinſick Nature of every Thing, and ſtript it of the Covering that conceals it from our Eyes, and to continue fully perſuaded, that whatever is tried by all its other Senſes, being different from the former Diſcovery, is certainly falſe, Now whatever is tried by the corporeal Senſes, is viſible and ſenſible. And what it views by itſelf without the Miniſtry of the Body, is inviſible and unintelligible. So that the Soul of a true Philoſopher being convinced that it ſhould not oppoſe its own Liberty, diſclaims as far as is poſſible, the Pleaſures, Luſts, Fears and Sorrows of the Body: for it knows that when one has enjoyed many Pleaſures, or given Way to extreme Grief or Timorouſneſs, or given himſelf to his Deſires; he not only is afflicted by the ſenſible Evils known to all the World, ſuch as the Loſs of Health or Eſtate, but is doomed to the laſt and greateſt of Evils; an Evil that is ſo much the more dangerous and terrible, that it is not obvious to our Senſes.

The Force of the Bond that impriſons the Soul, conſiſts in its own Deſires.

The Soul is always headed by the Body.

Whatever the Soul examines by the bodily Senſes, is falſe.

Why the Soul diſclaims all the Paſſions of the Body.

What Evil is that, *Socrates?*

'Tis

'Tis this; That the Soul being forced to rejoice or be afflicted upon any Occaſion, is perſuaded that what cauſes its Pleaſure or Grief, is a real and true Thing, tho' at the ſame Time it is not; and ſuch is the Nature of all ſenſible and viſible Things that are capable to occaſion Joy or Grief.

The greateſt and moſt terrible Affliction of a Soul, given over to the Paſſions of the Body.

That's certain, *Socrates*.

Are not theſe Paſſions then the chief Inſtruments particularly, that impriſon and mew up the Soul within the Body?

How's that, *Socrates*?

Every Pleaſure, every melancholy Thought, being arm'd with a ſtrong and keen Nail, nails the Soul to the Body with ſuch Force, that it becomes material and corporeal, and fancies there are no real and true Objects, but ſuch as the Body accounts ſo: for as it entertains the ſame Opinions, and purſues the ſame Pleaſures with the Body, ſo it is obliged to the ſame Actions and Habits. For which Reaſon it cannot deſcend in Purity to the lower World, but is daubed all over with the Pollution of the Body itſelf, and quickly re-enters another Body, where it takes Root as if it had been ſown, and puts a Period to all Commerce with the pure, ſimple, and divine Eſſence.

Every Paſſion has a Nail that faſtens the Soul to the Body.

That's very certain, *Socrates*.

Theſe are the Motives that oblige the true Philoſophers to make it their Buſineſs to acquire Temperance and Fortitude, and not ſuch Motives as the Vulgar think of. Are not you of my Opinion, *Cebes*?

Yes, ſure.

All true Philoſophers will ſtill be of that Mind. Their Soul will never entertain ſuch a Thought, as if Philoſophy ſhould diſengage it, to the end that when 'tis freed, it ſhould follow its Pleaſures, and give Way to its Fears, and Sorrows; that it ſhould put on its Chains again, and always want to begin again, like *Penelope*'s Web.

On

The Buſineſs of a true Philoſopher during his whole Life-time.

On the coutrary it continues in a perfect Tranquillity and Freedom from Paſſion, and always follows Reaſon for its Guide, without departing from its Meaſures; it inceſſantly contemplates what is true, divine, immutable, and above Opinion, being nouriſhed by this pure Truth: it is convinced that it ought to follow the ſame Courſe of Life while it is united to the Body; and hopes that after Death, being ſurrendered to that immortal Being as its Sourſe, 'twill be freed from all the Afflictions of the human Nature. After ſuch a Life, and upon ſuch Principles, my dear *Simmias* and *Cebes*, what ſhould the Soul be afraid of? Shall it fear, that upon its Departure from the Body, the Winds will diſſipate it and run away with it, and that Annihilation will be its Fate?

Socrates having thus ſpoke, he ſtopt for a pretty while, ſeeming to be altogether intent upon what he had ſaid. Moſt of us were in the ſame Condition; *Cebes* and *Simmias* had a ſhort Conference together. At laſt *Socrates* perceiving their Conference § asked them what they were ſpeaking of? Do you think, ſays he, that my Arguments were lame? I think indeed there is Room left for a great many Doubts and Objections, if any will take the Pains to retail them out. If you are ſpeaking of any Thing elſe, I have nothing to ſay. But tho' you have no D u:t, pray, whether tell me freely, you think of any better Demonſtration, and make me a Companion in your Enquiry, if you think I can aſſiſt you to compaſs your End.

I'll tell you, ſays *Simmias*, the naked Truth. It is a pretty while ſince *Cebes* and I thought of ſome Doubts; and being deſirous to have them reſolved, puſhed on one another to propoſe them to you. But we were both afraid to importune you, and propoſe diſagreeable Queſ-

§ *Socrates* deſires them to make Objections, that his Arguments might be confirmed.

tions

tions in the unſeaſonable Hour of your preſent Misfortune.

O! my dear *Simmias*, § replies *Socrates* ſmiling, certainly I ſhould find great Difficulty in perſuading other Men that I find no Misfortune in my preſent Circumſtances, ſince I cannot get you to believe it. † You think that upon the Score of Fore knowledge and Divining, I am infinitely inferior to the Swans. When they perceive approaching Death, they ſing more merrily than before, * becauſe of the Joy they have in going to the God they ſerve. But Men, thro' the Fear of Death, reproach the Swans, in ſaying that they lament their Death, and tune their Griet in ſorrowful Notes. They forget to make this Reflection, that no Fowl ſings when 'tis hungry, or cold, or ſad; nay, not the Nightingale, the Swallow, or the Lapwing, whoſe Muſick they ſay is a true Lamentation, and the Effect of Grief. But, after all, theſe Fowls do not all ſing out of Grief; and far leſs the Swans, which by Reaſon of their belonging to *Apollo*, are Diviners, and ſing more joyfully on the Day of their Death than before, as foreſeeing the Good that awaits them in the other World. And as for me, I think I ſerve *Apollo* as well as they: I am conſecrated to that God as well as they; I have received from our common Maſter the Art of Divining as well as they, and I am as little concerned for making my Exit as they are. So that you may freely propoſe what Doubts you pleaſe, and put Queſtions to me as long as the eleven Magiſtrates ſuffer me to be here.

No Fowl ſings out of Grief.

§ *Socrates* is angry with his Friends for reckoning his preſent Condition an unfortunate one.

† He could not take a better Method to ſhew that he reckoned no Misfortune in Death, than this of rallying upon the Vulgar and *Pythagorean* Religion.

* As if their Fowls were admitted to the Manſions of the Bleſſed. *Socrates* ridicules that Opinion. We ſhall ſee afterwards, that they admitted Beaſts to the Land of the Juſt; of which they had a very confuſed Idea. But that is to another Purpoſe.

You

You ſay well. *Socrates*, replies *Simmias*; ſince 'tis ſo, I'll propoſe my Doubts firſt, and then *Cebes* ſhall give in his. I agree with you, that 'tis impoſſible, or at leaſt very difficult, to know the Truth in this Life; and that it is the Property of a lazy and a dull Head, not to weigh exactly what he ſays, or to ſupercede the Examination before he has made all his Efforts, and be obliged to give over by unſurmountable Difficulties. For one of theſe two Things muſt be done, we muſt either learn the Truth from others, or find it out ourſelves. If both Ways fail us, amidſt all human Reaſons, we muſt pitch upon the ſtrongeſt and moſt forcible, and truſt to that as to a Ship, while we paſs through this ſtormy Sea, and endeavour to avoid its Tempeſts and Shelves; till we find out one more firm and ſure, ſuch as (*a*) a Promiſe or Revelation, upon which we may happily accompliſh the Voyage of this Life as in a Veſſel that fears no Danger. I ſhall therefore not be aſhamed to put Queſtions to you, now that you allow me; and ſhall avoid the Reproach I might one Day caſt upon myſelf, of not having told you my Thoughts upon this Occaſion. When I ſurvey what you ſpoke to me and to *Cebes*, I muſt own I do not think your Proofs ſufficient.

Of all human Reaſons, a wiſe Man ſhould pick out the beſt, and moſt capable to conduct him ſafe in this ſtormy Sea.

The Promiſe of God, is a Veſſel that fears no Danger.

(*a*) This is a very remarkable Paſſage. Here the Philoſophers acknowledge that we ſhould endeavour to make out the Immortality of the Soul by our own Reaſon; and that as this Reaſon is very weak and narrow, ſo it will always be aſſaulted by Doubts and Uncertainty: and that nothing but a Divine Promiſe or Revelation can diſperſe the Clouds of Ignorance and Infidelity. Now the Chriſtian Religion is the only Thing that furniſhes us, not only with Divine Promiſes and Revelations, but likewiſe with the Accompliſhment of them by the Reſurrection of Chriſt, *who became the Firſt-fruits of them that ſlept*, 1 Cor. xv. 20. And thus according to the Philoſophers themſelves, the Church is the only Veſſel that fears no Dangers, in which we may happily accompliſh the Voyage of this Life.

Perhaps

Perhaps you have Reaſon, my dear *Simmias*; but where does their Inſufficiency appear?

Simmias's firſt Objection, That the Soul is a Sort of Harmony of the ſame Date and ſtanding with the Body.

In this; That the ſame Things might be aſſerted of the Harmony of a Harp. For one may reaſonably ſay, that the Harmony of a Harp well ſtringed and well tuned, is inviſible, immaterial, excellent and divine; and that the Inſtrument and its Strings are the Body, the compounded earthy and mortal Matter. And if the Inſtrument were cut in Pieces, or its Strings broken, might not one with equal Reaſon affirm, that this Harmony remains after the breaking of the Harp and has no End? For, ſince it is evident that the Harp remains after the Strings are broken, or that the Strings, which are likewiſe mortal, continue after the Harp is broken or diſmounted; it muſt needs be impoſſible, might one ſay, that this immortal and divine Harmony ſhould periſh before that which is mortal and earthy; nay, it is neceſſary that this Harmony ſhould continue to be without the leaſt Damage, when the Body of the Harp and its Strings are gone to nothing. For, without Doubt, *Socrates*, you are ſenſible that we hold the Soul to be ſomething that reſembles a Harmony; and that as our Body is a Being compoſed of hot and cold, dry and moiſt, ſo our Soul is nothing elſe but the Harmony reſulting from the juſt Proportion of theſe mixed Qualities.

That the Soul is only a Harmony reſulting from the juſt Proportion of the four Qualities.

Now, if our Soul is only a Sort of Harmony, 'tis evident, that when our Body is over-ſtretched, or unbended by Diſeaſes, or any other Diſorder, of neceſſity our Soul with all its Divinity muſt come to an End, as well as the other Harmonies which conſiſt in Sounds, or are the Effect of Inſtruments; and that the Remains of every Body continue for a conſiderable Time, till they be burnt or mouldered away. This, you ſee, *Socrates*, might be alledged in Oppoſition to your Arguments, that if the Soul be only a Mixture of the Qualities of our Body, it periſhes firſt in what we call *Death*.

Then *Socrates* looked upon us all, one after another, as he did often, and began to ſmile: *Simmias* ſpeaks with Reaſon, ſays he, his Queſtion is well put; and if any one of you has a greater Dexterity in anſwering his Objections than I have, why do you not do it? For he ſeems thoroughly to underſtand both my Arguments, and the Exceptions they are liable to. But before we anſwer him, 'tis proper to hear what *Cebes* has to object, that while he ſpeaks, we may have Time to think upon what we are to ſay; and after we have heard them both, that we may yield if their Reaſons are uniform and valid; and if otherwiſe, may ſtand by our Principles to the utmoſt. Tell us then, *Cebes*, what is it that hinders you from agreeing with what I have laid down.

Cebes objects, that tho' the Soul may be more laſting than the Body, and may animate ſeveral Bodies, yet that does not hinder it to be mortal.

I'll tell you, ſays *Cebes*: Your Demonſtration ſeems to be lame and imperfect; it is faulty upon the ſame Head that we took Notice of before. That the Soul has a Being before its Entrance into the Body, is admirably well ſaid; and I think, ſufficiently made out: but I can never be perſuaded that it has likewiſe an Exiſtence after Death. At the ſame Time I cannot ſubſcribe to *Simmias*'s Allegation, that the Soul is neither ſtronger nor more durable than the Body: For to me it appears to be infinitely more excellent. But why then, (ſays the Objection) do you refuſe to believe it? Since you ſee with your Eyes, that when a Man is dead, his weakeſt Part remains ſtill, is it not therefore abſolutely neceſſary that the more durable Part ſhould laſt yet longer? Pray take Notice, if I anſwer this Objection right. For to let you into my Meaning, I muſt uſe Reſemblance or Compariſon, as well as *Simmias*. Your Allegation, to my Mind, is juſt the ſame, as if upon the Death of an old Taylor, one ſhould ſay, this Taylor is not dead; he has a Being ſtill ſomewhere or other: and for Proof of that, here's the Suit of Clothes he wore, which he made for himſelf; ſo that he's ſtill in Being. If any one ſhould not be convinced by this Proof, he would not fail to aſk him, whether

ther the Man or the Clothes he wears is moſt durable? To which, of neceſſity, he muſt anſwer that the Man is: And upon this Foot, your Philoſopher wou'd pretend to demonſtrate, that ſince the leſs durable Poſſeſſion of the Taylor is ſtill in Being, by a ſtronger Conſequence, he himſelf is ſo too. Now, my dear *Simmias*, the Parallel is not juſt: pray hear what I have to anſwer to it.

'Tis evident at firſt View, that the Objection is ridiculous. For the Taylor, having uſed ſeveral Suits of Clothes, died after them, and only before the laſt Suit, which he had not Time to wear; and tho' this Suit ſurvived the Man, if I may ſo ſpeak, yet we cannot ſay the Man is weaker, or leſs durable than the Suit of Clothes. This Simile is near enough, for as the Man is to his Suit of Clothes, ſo is the Soul to the Body; and whoever applies to the Soul and Body what is ſaid of the Man and his Suit of Clothes, will ſpeak to the Purpoſe. For he'll make the Soul more durable, and the Body a weaker Being, and leſs capable to hold out for a long Time. He'll add, that every Soul wears ſeveral Bodies, eſpecially if it lives ſeveral Years. For the Body waſtes while the Man is yet alive, and the Soul ſtill forms to itſelf a new Habit of Body out of the former that decays; but when the laſt comes to die, it has then its laſt Habit on, and dies, before its Conſumption: and when the Soul is dead, the Body quickly betrays the Weakneſs of its Nature, ſince it corrupts and moulders away very ſpeedily. So that we cannot put ſuch Confidence in your Demonſtration, as to hold it for a ſtanding Truth, that our Souls continue in Being after Death. For ſuppoſing it were granted, that our Soul has not only a Being antecedent to our Birth, but that, for any Thing we know, the Souls of ſome continue in Being after Death; and that 'tis very poſſible they may return again to the World, and be born again, ſo to ſpeak, ſeveral Times, and die at laſt; for the Strength and Advantage of the Soul beyond the Body, conſiſts in this, that it can undergo ſeveral Births, and wear ſeveral Bodies one after another, as a Man does Suits of Clothes: Suppoſing, I ſay, that

The Soul re-animates a dead and corrupt Body.

all this were granted, ſtill it cannot be denied, but that in all thoſe repeated Births, it decays and waſtes, and at laſt comes to an End in one of the Deaths. However, 'tis impoſſible for any Man to diſcern in which of the Death's tis totally ſunk. Since Things ſtand thus, whoever does not fear Death, muſt be ſenſeleſs; unleſs he can demonſtrate that the Soul is altogether Immortal and Incorruptible. For otherwiſe every dying Man muſt of neceſſity be afraid for his Soul, for Fear the Body it is quitting be its laſt Body, and it periſhes without any Hopes of Return.

Thoſe who hold the Soul to be mortal ſtill fear its Annihilation.

Having heard them propoſe theſe Objections, we were very much troubled, as we afterwards told them, that at a Time when we were juſt convinced by *Socrates*'s Arguments, they ſhould come to amuſe us with their Objections, and throw us into a Fit of Unbelief and Jealouſy, not only of all that had been ſaid to us by *Socrates*, but likewiſe of what he might ſay for the Future; for we would always be apt to believe, that either we were not proper Judges of the Points in Debate, or elſe that his Propoſitions were in themſelves incredible.

Phedon reſumes the Diſcourſe, and addreſſes himſelf to *Echecrates*.

Echec. Indeed *Phedon*, I can eaſily pardon your trouble upon that Account. For I myſelf, while I heard you relate the Matter, was a ſaying to myſelf, What ſhall we believe hereafter, ſince *Socrates*'s Arguments, which ſeemed ſo valid and convincing, are become doubtful and uncertain? In Effect that Objection of *Simmias*'s that the Soul is only a Harmony, moves me wonderfully, and always did ſo. It awakes in me the Memory of my being formerly of the ſame Opinion. So that my Belief is unhinged; and I want new Proofs to convince me, that the Soul does not die with the Body. Wherefore, Prithee tell me, *Phedon*, in the Name of God, how *Socrates* came off; whether he ſeemed to be as much nettled as you; or, if he maintained his Opinion with his wonted Temper; and in Fine, whether his Demonſtration gave you full Satisfaction, or ſeemed chargeable

chargeable with Imperfections? Pray tell me the whole Story, without omitting the minuteſt Circumſtance.

Phed. I proteſt to you, *Echecrates*, I admired *Socrates* all my Life-time, and upon this Occaſion admired him more than ever. That ſuch a Man as he had his Anſwers in a Readineſs, is no great Surprizal; but my greateſt Admiration was, to ſee in the firſt Place with what Calmneſs, Patience, and Good Humour he received the Objections of theſe Youngſters; and then how dexterouſly he perceived the Impreſſion they had made upon us, and cured us of the ſame. He rallied us like Men put to Flight after a Defeat, and inſpired us with a freſh Ardour to turn our Heads and renew the Charge.

Socrates's Temper, Sweetneſs and Patience in Diſputes.

Echec. How was that?

Phed. I am about to tell you. As I ſat at his Right-hand upon a little Stool lower than his, he drew his Hand over my Head, and taking hold of my Hair that hung down upon my Shoulders, as he was wont to do for his Diverſion; *Phedon*, ſays he, will not you cut this pretty Hair to-morrow? 'Tis probable I ſhall, ſaid I. If you take my Advice, ſaid he, you will not ſtay ſo long. How do you mean? ſaid I. Both you and I, continues he, ought to cut our Hair, if our Opinion be ſo far dead that we cannot raiſe it again. Were I in your Place, and defeated, I would make a Vow, (*a*) as the Men of *Argos* did, never to wear my Hair till I conquered theſe Arguments of *Simmias* and *Cebes*. But, ſaid I, *Socrates*, you have forgot the old Proverb, that *Hercules* himſelf is not able to engage two. And why, ſays he, do not you call on me to aſſiſt

'Twas a Cuſtom among the *Greeks* to cut off their Hair at the Death of their Friends, and throw it into the Tombs.

The Belief of the Immortality of the Soul is ſo good a Friend that we ought to cut off our Hair when it dies.

As

(*a*) The *Argives* being routed by the *Spartans*, with whom they waged War for ſeizing the City of *Thyre*, cut their Hair, and ſwore ſolemnly never to ſuffer it to grow, till they had retaken the Town that belonged to them; which happened in the 57th Olympiad, when *Cræſus* was beſieged at *Sardis*. *Herodot. lib.* 1.

As *Hercules* call'd *Iolas* to aſſiſt him to conquer the Hydra, *i. e.* While I am yet alive.

you as your *Iolas*, while 'tis yet Time? And Accordingly I do call on you, ſaid I, not as *Hercules* did *Iolas*, but as *Iolas* did *Hercules*. 'Tis no Matter for that, ſays he, 'tis all one. Above all, let us be cautious to avoid one great Fault. What Fault, ſaid I? That, ſaid he, of being Reaſon-haters; for ſuch there are, as well as Men-haters. The former is the greateſt Evil in the World, and ariſes from the ſame Source with the Hatred of Man. For the latter comes from one Man's plighting his Faith for another Man, without any Precaution or Enquiry, whom he always took for a true-hearted, ſolid and truſty Man, but finds him at laſt to be a falſe faithleſs Cheat: And thus being cheated in ſeveral ſuch Inſtances, by thoſe whom he looked on as his beſt Friends, and at laſt weary of being ſo often nooſed, he equally hates all Men, and is convinced there is not one that is not wicked and perfidious. Are not you ſenſible, that this Man-hating is form'd at this Rate by degrees? Yes ſure, ſaid I. Is it not a great Scandal then, continued he, and a ſuperlative Crime, to converſe with Men, without being acquainted with the Art of trying them and knowing them? For if one were acquainted with this Art, he would ſee how Things ſtand, and would find that the Good and the Wicked are very rare, but thoſe in the middle Region ſwarm in infinite Numbers.

To hate Reaſon is the greateſt of Evils, which is often occaſion'd by Diſputes.

As Man-hating grows inſenſibly, ſo does Reaſon-hating.

He who would converſe ſafely with Men, ought to be acquainted with the Art of knowing them.

How do you ſay, *Socrates*.

I ſay, *Phedon*, the Caſe of the Good and Bad is much the ſame with that of very large or very little Men. Do not you ſee that there's nothing more uncommon than a very big or a very little Man? The Caſe is the ſame with reference to Dogs, Horſes, and all other Things; and

The Extremes of all Things are uncommon, and the *Medium* is very common.

may

may likewise be applied to Swiftneſs and Slowneſs, Handſomeneſs and Deformity, Whiteneſs and Blackneſs. Are not you convinced, that in all theſe Matters the two Extremes are very uncommon, and the *Medium* is very common?

I perceive it very plainly, *Socrates*.

Few Men arrive at the laſt Pitch of Wickedneſs.

If a Match were propoſed for Wickedneſs, would not there be very few that could pretend to the firſt Rank?

That's very likely, *Socrates*.

'Tis certainly ſo, replies he. But upon this Score, the Caſe of Reaſon and Men is not exactly the ſame. I'll follow you Step by Step. The only Reſemblance of the two lies in this, that when a Man unſkilled in the Art of Examination, entertains a Reaſon as true, and afterwards finds it to be falſe, whether it be ſo in itſelf or not; and when the ſame Thing happens to him often, as indeed it does to thoſe who amuſe themſelves in diſputing with the Sophiſters that contradict every Thing: he at laſt believes himſelf to be extraordinary well ſkilled, and fancies he's the only Man that has perceived there's nothing true or certain, either in Things or Reaſons; but that all is like *Eurypus*, in a continual Flux and Reflux, and that nothing continues ſo much as one Minute in the ſame State.

The Progreſs of Reaſon-hating.

Thoſe who fancy that *Socrates* and *Plato* taught no poſitive Truths, but reckoned every Thing uncertain, may undeceive themſelves by reading this Paſſage.

That is the pure Truth, *Socrates*.

There are ſome true, certain, and very comprehenſive Reaſons.

Is it not then a very deplorable Misfortune, my dear *Phedon*, that while there are true, certain, and very comprehenſible Reaſons, there ſhould be Men found, who after they have ſuffered them to paſs, call them again in Queſtion upon hearing theſe frivolous Diſputes, where ſometimes Truth and ſometimes Falſhood comes uppermoſt; and inſtead of charging themſelves with theſe Doubts,

or

The Fate of those who are wont to diſpute with croſs and contradictory Men.

or blaming their want of Art, caſt the Blame at laſt upon the Reaſons themſelves; and being of a ſour Temper, paſs their Life in hating and calumniating all Reaſon, and by that Means rob themſelves both of Truth and Knowledge.

That's certainly a moſt deplorable Thing, ſaid I.

We ought to be very cautious, continues he, that this Misfortune be not our Lot; and that we are not prepoſſeſſed by this Thought, that there's nothing ſolid or true in all Arguments whatſoever. We ſhould rather be perſuaded that 'tis ourſelves who are wanting in Solidity and Truth; and uſe our utmoſt Efforts to recover that Solidity and Juſtneſs of Thought. This is a Duty incumbent upon you, who have Time yet to live; and likewiſe upon me who am about to die: And I am much afraid, that upon this Occaſion I have been ſo far from acting the Part of a true Philoſopher, that I have behaved myſelf like a Diſputant overborne with Prejudice; as all thoſe Ignorants do, who in their Diſputes do not mind the Perception of the Truth, but mean only to draw their Hearers over to their Opinions. The only Difference between them and me, is, that convincing my Audience of the Truth of what I advance is not my only Aim: Indeed, I ſhall be infinitely glad if that come to paſs; but my chief Scope is to perſuade myſelf of the Truth of theſe Things; for I argue thus, my dear *Phedon*, and you'll find that this Way of arguing is highly uſeful. If *(a)* my Propoſitions prove true it is

For the Belief of the Immortality of the Soul is uſeful both for living and for dying well.

The Character of an ignorant and bigotted Diſputant.

(a) If theſe are true, I am a great Gainer with little Trouble; if falſe, I loſe nothing: On the contrary, I have gained a great Deal: For beſides the Hope that ſupported me through my Afflictions, Infirmities, and Weakneſſes, I have been faithful, honeſt, humble, thankful, charitable, ſincere and true, and have only quitted falſe and contagious Pleaſures in Exchange for real and ſolid ones. Mr. *Paſchal* in his *Art.* 7. has enlarged upon this Truth, and backed it with a Demonſtration of infinite Force.

well

well done to believe them; and if after my Death they be found falſe, I ſtill reap that Advantage in this Life, that I have been leſs affected by the Evils which commonly accompany it. But I ſhall not remain long under this Ignorance. If I were, I ſhould reckon it a great Misfortune: But by good Luck, it will quickly be diſpelled. Being fortified by theſe Thoughts, my dear *Simmias* and *Cebes*, I make account to anſwer your Objections; and if you take my Advice, you'll rely leſs upon the Authority of *Socrates*, than that of the Truth. If what I am about to advance appear true, embrace it; if otherwiſe, attack it with all your Force. Thus I ſhall neither deceive myſelf nor impoſe upon you by the Influence of Zeal and God-will, or quit you like a Waſp that leaves its Sting in the Wound it has made.

The Advantages redounding from the Belief of the Immortality of the Soul, ſuppoſing it to be falſe.

To begin then, pray ſee if I remember right what was objected. *Simmias* as I take it, rejects our Belief, only becauſe he fears our Souls, notwithſtanding their being Divine and more excellent, will die before our Bodies, as being only a Sort of Harmony. And *Cebes*, if I miſtake not, granted that the Soul is more durable than the Body, but thinks it poſſible that the Soul, after having uſed ſeveral Bodies, may die at laſt when it quits the laſt Body, and that this Death of the Soul is a true Death. Are not theſe the two Points I am to examine, my dear *Simmias* and *Cebes*?

A ſhort Recapitulation of the two Objections.

When they had all agreed that the Objections were juſtly ſummed up, he continued thus: Do you abſolutely reject all that I have ſaid, or do you acknowledge Part of it to be true? They anſwered, That they did not reject the whole. But what, ſays he, is your Opinion of what I told you? *viz.* That *Learning* is only *Remembrance*, and that by a neceſſary Conſequence the Soul muſt have an Exiſtence before its Conjunction with the Body.

As for me, replies *Cebes*, I perceived the Evidence of it at firſt View; and do not know any Principles of more Certainty and Truth. I am of the ſame Mind, ſays

ſays *Simmias*, and ſhould think it very ſtrange, if ever I changed my Opinion.

Socrates makes out the Abſurdity of *Simmias*'s Objection by his own Thoughts.

But my Dear *Theban*, continues *Socrates*, you muſt needs change it, if you retain your Opinion that Harmony is compounded, and that the Soul is only a Sort of Harmony, ariſing from the due Union of the Qualities of the Body: For 'tis preſumed you would not believe yourſelf, if you ſaid that Harmony has a Being before thoſe Things of which it is compoſed.

Harmony cannot exiſt before the Inſtrument that gives it.

Sure enough, replies *Simmias*, I would not believe myſelf if I did.

Do not you ſee then, continues *Socrates*, that you are not of a Piece with yourſelf, when you ſay the Soul had a Being before it came to animate the Body, and at the ſame Time, that it is compounded of Things that had not then an Exiſtence? Do not you compare the Soul to a Harmony? And is it not evident that the Harp, the Strings, and the very diſcordant Sounds, exiſt before the Harmony, which is an Effect that reſults from all theſe Things, and periſhes ſooner than they? Does this latter Part of your Diſcourſe ſuit with the firſt.

For there's Diſcord in the Sounds, before Concord; and ſo they are antecedent to the Harmony.

Not at all, replies *Simmias*.

And yet, continues *Socrates*, if ever a Diſcourſe be all of a Piece, it ought to be ſuch when Harmony is its Subject.

That's right, ſays *Simmias*.

But yours is not ſo, continues *Socrates*. Let's hear then which of theſe two Opinions you ſide with: Whether is Learning only Remembrance, or is the Soul a Sort of Harmony?

I ſide with the firſt, replies *Simmias*.

Comparisons and Similies are commonly fallacious.

(a) And that Opinion I have explained to you, without having any recourse to Demonstrations full of Similies and Examples, which are rather Colours of the Truth, and therefore please the People best; but as for me, I am of Opinion, that all Discourses proving their Point by *Similies* are full of Vanity, and apt to seduce and deceive, unless one be very cautious, whether it relate to Geometry, or any other Science: Whereas the Discourse I made for proving that Knowledge is Remembrance, is grounded upon a very creditable Hypothesis; for I told you that the Soul exists as well as its Essence before it comes to animate the Body. By Essence I mean the Principle from which it derives its Being, which has no other Name, but *that which is*. And this Proof I take to be good and sufficient.

By that Reason, says *Simmias*, I must not listen either to myself or others, who assert the Soul to be a Sort of Harmony.

(a) *Marsilius Ficinus* and *de Serres* have strangely misunderstood this Passage, not only in making *Simmias* speak all this; but what is more considerable, in putting a favourable Construction on those Words, μετα εικότος τινος και ευπρεπειας, which the one renders, *verisimilis tantum venustique exempli indicatione;* and the other, *ex verisimi quadam convenintia;* and in separating the Words ἄνευ ἀποδείξεως, whereas they are joined; for *Socrates* says, *I made this Discourse without having Recourse to Demonstrations, cramm'd with Similies and Colours, that take so much with the People.* In Effect *Socrates* did not so much as make use of one Comparison in making good the Opinion of Remembrance; whereas *Simmias* has brought in the Comparison of a Harp to prove that the Soul is a Harmony. Now there's nothing mesleads the Ignorant more than Similitudes, for the Imagination is so seduced by the Representation, that it blindly embraces all that presents itself to it. And by that means this Opinion of *Simmias* did always meet with a favourable Reception, and does to this Day among the Ignorant. This is a very important Passage, and deserved a large Explication.

In

Harmony depends upon the Ingredients in its Compoſition; but the Soul does not.

In earneſt, *Simmias*, replies *Socrates*, do you think that a Harmony, or any other Compoſure, can be any Thing different from the Parts of which it is compounded?

By no means, *Socrates*.

Harmony is never contrary to its Parts; but the Soul is to the Body.

Or, can it do or ſuffer what thoſe Parts do not? *Simmias* anſwered, It could not. Then, ſays *Socrates*, a Harmony does not precede, but follow the Things it is compoſed of: And it cannot have Sounds and Motions, or any Thing elſe contrary to its Parts.

No ſure, replies *Simmias*. But what, continues *Socrates*, is not all Harmony only ſuch in Proportion to the Concord of its Parts?

I do not well underſtand you, ſays *Simmias*.

I mean according as the Parts have more or leſs of Concord, the Harmony is more or leſs a Harmony; Is it not?

Yes, ſure.

Can we ſay of the Soul, at the ſame Rate, That a ſmall Difference makes a Soul to be more or leſs a Soul?

The Soul, as ſuch, is not capable of receiving leſs or more.

No, ſure, *Socrates*.

How is it then, in the Name of God? Do not we ſay, for Example, that ſuch a Soul endowed with Underſtanding and Virtue, is good: and another filled with Folly and Miſchief, is wicked? Is not this right?

Yes, ſure, quoth *Simmias*.

But thoſe who hold the Soul to be a Harmony, what will they call theſe Qualities of the Soul, that Vice, and that Virtue? Will they ſay, the one's Harmony, and the other Diſcord? That a virtuous and good Soul, being Harmony in its Nature, is entitled to another Harmony; and that a vicious wicked Soul wants that additional Harmony?

I cannot be poſitive, replies *Simmias*; but indeed 'tis very probable the Patrons of that Opinion may advance ſome ſuch Thing.

But

But we concluded, that one Soul is not more or leſs a Soul than another; that is, that it is not more or leſs a Harmony, than another Harmony.

I own it, ſays *Simmias*.

And ſince it is not more or leſs a Harmony, then it has not more or leſs Concord. Is it not ſo?

Yes, ſure, *Socrates*.

And ſince it has not more or leſs of Concord, can one have more Harmony than another, or muſt the Harmony of them all be equal?

Queſtionleſs it muſt be equal.

Since one Soul cannot be more or leſs a Soul than another, by the ſame Reaſon it cannot have more or leſs of Concord.

All Souls would be equal: which is an Abſurdity.

That's true.

Then it follows neceſſarily, that one Soul cannot have either more Harmony or Diſcord than another?

I agree to it.

And by Conſequence, ſince the Soul is of that Nature, it cannot have more Virtue or Vice than another; if ſo be that Vice is Diſcord, and Virtue Harmony?

That's a ſtanding Truth, ſays *Simmias*.

Or, would not right Reaſon rather ſay that Vice could find no Place in the Soul, if ſo be the Soul is Harmony; for Harmony, continuing in its perfect Nature, is not capable of Diſcord?

If the Soul were a Harmony, there would be no ſuch Thing as a vicious Soul.

There's no Queſtion of that.

In like Manner the Soul, while perfectly a Soul, is not capable of Vice.

According to the Principles we agreed upon, I cannot ſee how it ſhould.

From the ſame very Principles it will follow, that the Souls of all Animals are equally good, ſince they are equally Souls.

The Souls of Brutes would be of the ſame Nature with thoſe of Men.

So I think, ſays *Simmias*.

But do you think that it ſtands with right Reaſon, if the Hypotheſis of the Soul's being a Harmony be true?

No ſure, *Socrates*.

In Man the Soul commands the Body, whereas in Muſick the Body commands the Harmony.

Then I aſk you, *Simmias*, if of all the Parts of a Man, the Soul is not beſt entitled to command, eſpecially when ſhe is prudent and wiſe?

There's no other Part can pretend to it.

Does it command by giving Way to the Paſſions of the Body, or by reſiſting them? As for Example, when the Body is ſeized with Thirſt in the cold Fit of a Fever, does not the Soul reſtrain it from drinking? Or when 'tis hungry, does it not reſtrain it from eating? As well as in a thouſand other Inſtances; which manifeſtly ſhew that the Soul curbs the Paſſions of the Body. Is it not ſo?

Without Queſtion.

The Soul thwarts the Paſſions of the Body; which it could not do if it were a Harmony.

But we agreed above that the Soul being a Sort of Harmony, can never ſound contrary to the Sound of thoſe Things which raiſe, or lower, or move it; nor have other Paſſions different from thoſe of its Parts; and that it is neceſſarily obliged to follow them, as being uncapable to guide them.

'Tis certain we agreed upon that, ſays *Simmias*; how could we avoid it?

But, ſays *Socrates*, is it not evident that the Conduct of the Soul is the downright Contrary? That it governs and rules thoſe very Things which are alledged for Ingredients in its Compoſition; that it thwarts and attacks them almoſt all its Life-time; that it is every Way their Miſtreſs, puniſhing and repreſſing ſome by the harder Meaſures of Pain, School-Exerciſes, and Phyſick; and treating others more gently, as contenting itſelf with threatning or inſulting over its Luſts, Paſſion, and Fear. In a Word, we ſee the Soul ſpeaks to the Body as ſomething of a different Nature from itſelf; which *Homer* was ſenſible of, when, in his *Odyſſes*, he tells, that

"*Ulyſſes*

" *Ulyſſes* (*a*) beating his Breaſt, rebuked his Heart, and " ſaid to it, Support thyſelf, thou haſt ſtood out againſt " harder and more difficult Things than theſe.

Do you think the Poet ſpoke that under the Apprehenſions of the Soul's being a Harmony to be managed and conducted by the Body? Or, do not you rather believe that he knew 'twas the Soul's Part to command, and that it is of a more divine Nature than Harmony?

Yes, *Socrates*; I ſwear I am perſuaded *Homer* knew that Truth.

And by Conſequence, my dear *Simmias*, continues *Socrates*, there is not the leaſt Colour of Reaſon for the Soul's being a Harmony: ſhould we aſſert it to be ſuch we ſhould contradict both *Homer*, that divine Poet, and likewiſe ourſelves. *Simmias* yielded; and *Socrates* proceeded thus.

I think we have ſufficiently tempered and moderated this (*b*) *Theban* Harmony, ſo that it will do us no Harm. But (*c*) *Cebes*, how ſhall we do to appeaſe and diſarm this (*d*) *Cadmus*? How ſhall we hit on a Diſcourſe duly qualified with a perſuaſive Force?

If you'll be at the Pains, *Socrates*, you can eaſily find ſuch a diſcourſe. The laſt you had againſt the Harmony of the Soul, moved me mightily, and indeed beyond my Expectation: for when *Simmias* propoſed his

(*a*) *Homer* knew that the Nature of the Soul is different from that of the Body, in the Beginning of the 19th Book of his *Odyſſ.*

(*b*) He calls *Simmias*'s Opinion a *Theban Harmony*, alluding to the Fable of *Amphion*, who by the Harmony of his Harp built the Walls of *Thebes*. In like Manner, *Simmias* with his pretended Harmony reared up the human Body.

(*c*) Why *Cebes* was called *Cadmus*, ſee *Rem.*

(*d*) He calls *Cebes* another *Cadmus*, becauſe as *Cadmus* by ſowing the Teeth of the Dragon he had killed, fetched out of the Boſom of the Earth a Race of fierce Men that lived but one minute: ſo *Cebes* by the Opinion of the Mortality of the Soul, Thing more poyſonous than the Teeth of a Dragon, made all Men earthly and beaſtly, and left them but a very ſhort Life.

Doubts, I thought nothing ſhort of a Prodigy or Miracle could ſolve them: and I was mightily ſurprized when I ſaw he could not ſtand the firſt Attack. So that now it will be no Surprizal to me to ſee *Cadmus* undergo the ſame Fate.

My dear *Cebes*, replies *Socrates*, do not you ſpeak too big upon the Matter, leſt Envy ſhould overturn all I have ſaid, and render it uſeleſs and ineffectual. But that's in the Hands of God. As for us, let us approach one another, as *Homer* ſays, and try our Strength and Arms. What you want comes all to this Point: you would have the Immortality and Incorruptibility of the Soul demonſtrated, to the End that a Philoſopher who dies bravely in the Hopes of being infinitely more happy in the other World than in this, may not hope in vain. You ſay, the Soul's being a durable and divine Subſtance, exiſting before its joining with the Body, does not conclude its Immortality; and the only Inference that it will bear, is, that it laſts a great while longer, and was in Being many Ages before us, during which it knew and did ſeveral Things, but without Immortality; for on the Contrary, the firſt Minute of its Deſcent into the Body, is the Commencement of its Death, or, as it were, a Diſeaſe to it; for it paſſes this Life in Anguiſh and Trouble, and at laſt is quite ſwallowed up and annihilated by what we call Death. You add that 'tis the ſame Thing, whether it animates a Body only once, or returns to it ſeveral Times, ſince that does not alter the Occaſion of our Fears, foraſmuch as all wiſe Men ought ſtill to fear Death, while they are uncertain of the Immortality of their Souls. This, I take it, is the Sum of what you ſaid; and I repeat it ſo often, on purpoſe, that nothing may eſcape my View, and that you may have the Opportunity of adding or impairing as you pleaſe.

Thoſe who believe the Mortality of the Soul, ought to fear Death. Its Annihilation is a ſufficient Cauſe of Fear to all wiſe Men.

At preſent, ſays *Cebes*, I have nothing to alter; that is the juſt Sum of all I have yet ſaid.

Socrates

Socrates was ſilent a pretty while, as being drowned in profound Meditation. At laſt *Cebes*, ſays he, 'tis truly not a ſmall Matter that you demand; for in Order to a juſt Satisfaction, there's a Neceſſity of making a narrow Enquiry into the Cauſe of Generation and Corruption. If you p'eaſe, I'll tell you what happened to me upon this very Matter; and if what I ſay ſeem uſeful to you, you ſhall be at Liberty to make Uſe of it to ſupport your Sentiments.

With all my Heart, ſays *Simmias*.

Socrates in his Youth was a great Lover of Phyſicks.

Pray give Ear then, ſays *Socrates*: In my Youth, I had an inſatiable Deſire to learn that Science which is called *Natural Hiſtory*; for I thought it was ſomething Great and Divine to know the Cauſes of every Thing, of their Generation, Death, and Exiſtence. And I ſpared no Pains, nor omitted any Means, for trying in the firſt Place, if (*a*) a certain Corruption of Hot and Cold, will, as ſome pretend, give Being and Nouriſhment to Animals; if the Blood makes the Thought; if Air or Fire, or the Brain alone is the Cauſe of our Senſes of Seeing, Hearing, Smelling, *&c.* if Memory and Opinion take their Riſe from theſe Senſes, and if Knowledge be the Reſult of Memory and Opinion. Then I wanted to know the Cauſes of their Corruption, and extended my Curioſity both to the Heavens and the Cavities of the Earth, and would fain have known the Cauſe of all the Phenomena, we meet with. At laſt, after a great deal of Trouble, I found myſelf ſtrangely unqualified for ſuch Enquiries; and of this I am about to give you a ſenſible Proof. (*b*) This fine

(*a*) *Socrates* ſaid he was ignorant of all theſe Things, becauſe he knew nothing but ſecond Cauſes. Now to know them juſtly, one ought to know God, and the Virtue he diſplays in Nature.

(*b*) Its utmoſt Reach amounts to no more than an imperfect Knowledge of ſecond Cauſes. Now theſe ſecond Cauſes do not lead us into the Knowledge of the Eſſence of Things. A Man is ſo far from improving his Knowledge by them, that he muſt needs

A ſtrange Effect of the Study of Phyſicks: It blinds, inſtead of improving the Underſtanding.

fine Study made me ſo blind in the Things I knew more evidently before, according to my own and other Perſons Thoughts, that I quite forgot all that I had known upon ſeveral Subjects, particularly that of a Man's Growth. I thought 'twas evident to the whole World, that a Man grows only by eating and drinking: for Fleſh being added to Fleſh, Bones to Bones, and all the other Parts joined to their ſimilar Parts by Nouriſhment, make a ſmall Bulk to ſwell and grow, ſo that a little Man becomes large. This was my Thought; Do not you think 'twas juſt?

Yes ſure, replies *Cebes*.

Mind what follows, ſays *Socrates*. I thought likewiſe that I knew the Reaſon why one Man is taller than another by the Head, and one Horſe higher than another: and with Reference to plainer and more ſenſible Things, I thought, for Inſtance, that ten was more than eight, becauſe two was added to it; that two Cubits were larger than one, becauſe they contained one half more.

And what are your preſent Thoughts of thoſe Things? ſays *Cebes*.

(*a*) I am ſo far, replies *Socrates*, from thinking that I know the Cauſe of all theſe Things, that when one is added to one, I do not believe I can tell whether it is that very (*b*) one to which the other is added that becomes two, or whether the one added, and the one to which the Addition was made, make two together? For in their ſeparate State, each of 'em was one, and not two; and after their

own his Ignorance of the Things he pretended to know. All Philoſophers at this Day know, that Nouriſhment by the Means of Heat is the Cauſe of the Growth of any Animal. But they're all at a Loſs to know by what Virtue it grows, or ceaſes to grow, and what are the Limits of its Growth. What Misfortune is it for a Man to plod all his Life time for the knowing of Nothing!

(*a*) He afterwards gives the Reaſon of theſe Doubts.

(*b*) Phyſicks were ſadly miſmanaged, when they could not ſhew how or why one and one made two.

being

being placed one by the other, they became two. Neither can I tell how, upon the Diviſion of any Thing, what was formerly one becomes two, from the very Minute of Diviſion; for that Cauſe is quite contrary to that which makes one and one become two. There, this one and this one become two by reaſon of their being placed near, and added the one to the other; but here, this one Thing becomes two by reaſon of its Diviſion and Separation. Far leſs do I pretend to know whence this one Thing comes, and by this Method, (*i. e.* by Phyſical Reaſons) I cannot find out how the leaſt Thing takes riſe or periſhes, or how it exiſts. But without ſo much Ceremony, (*a*) I mix another Method of my own with this, for by this I can learn nothing: having one Day heard ſomebody reading a Book of (*b*) *Anaxagoras*'s who ſaid the Divine Intellect was the Cauſe of all Beings, and drew them up in their proper Ranks and Claſſes, I was raviſhed with Joy. I perceived there was nothing more certain than this Principle, That the Intellect is the Cauſe of all Beings. For I juſtly thought that this Intellect having methodized all Things and ranked them in their Claſſes, (*c*) planting every Thing in the Place and

(*a*) He means, that he had Recourſe to the firſt Cauſe, for explaining any Point in Phyſicks. A noble Beginning for *Anaxagoras*.

(*b*) *Anaxagoras* was the firſt that ſaid the Intellect or Spirit of God ranked the Parts of Matter, and put them in Motion. And 'twas that Principle that uſhered in his Phyſicks. This fair *Exordium* gave *Socrates* occaſion to think that he would explain all the Secrets of Nature, by unfolding the divine Virtue diſplayed upon it, and aſſigning the Reaſons why every Thing was ſo and ſo. But that Philoſopher did not keep up to his firſt Principle; for he waved the firſt Cauſe, and inſiſted on ſecond Cauſes, and by ſo doing fruſtrated the Expectation of his Readers.

(*c*) Here *Socrates* recalls us to the firſt Truth, that God created all Things good, and in their beſt State; according to *Moſes*, who ſays, *God ſaw all things that he had made, and behold they were very good*. Now in order to know why Things are thus good, we muſt enquire into the Nature of this original Goodneſs, and ſurvey the State they were created in. What a ſorry Thing is Phyſicks then, that knows nothing but ſecond Cauſes, or rather, that does not certainly know theſe ſecond Cauſes?

Con-

Condition that was beſt and moſt uſeful for it, in which it could beſt do and ſuffer whatever the Intellect had allotted to it; and I apprehended that the Reſult of this Principle was, that the only Thing a Man ought to look for, either for himſelf or others, is this better and more uſeful Thing; for having once found what is beſt and moſt uſeful, he'll neceſſarily know what is worſt, ſince there is but one Knowledge both for the one and the other.

Upon this Score I was infinitely glad that I had found ſuch a Maſter as *Anaxagoras*, who I hoped would give a ſatisfactory Account of the Cauſe of all Things; and would not only tell me, for Inſtance, that the Earth is broad, or round, but likewiſe aſſign the neceſſary Cauſe obliging it to be ſo: who would point out to me what is beſt, and at the ſame Time give me to underſtand why it was ſo. In like Manner, if he affirmed the Seat of the Earth to be in the Center of the World, I expected he would give me a Reaſon why it was ſo: and after I ſhould have received ſufficient Inſtruction from him, deſigned never to admit of any other Cauſe for a Principle.

What a true Natural Philoſopher ought to teach.

I prepared ſome Queſtions to be put to him concerning the Sun, Moon, and the Stars, in Order to know the Reaſons of their Revolutions, Motions, and other Accidents, and why what each of them does is always the beſt: for I could not imagine, that after he had told me, that the Intellect ranked them, and drew them up in Order, he could give me no other Reaſon of that Order than this, That is was beſt. And I flattered myſelf with Hopes, that after he had aſſigned both the general and particular Cauſes, he would give me to know, wherein the particular Good of every individual Thing, as well as the common Good of all Things conſiſts. I would not have parted with theſe Hopes for all the Treaſures of the World.

Indeed that Knowledge would be more precious than all Treaſures: but it is not attainable in this Life.

So

So I bought his Books with a great deal of Impatience, and made it my Buſineſs to peruſe them as ſoon as poſſibly I could, in order to a ſpeedy Knowledge of the Good and Evil of all things; but I found myſelf fruſtrated of my mighty Hopes: for as ſoon as I had made a ſmall Progreſs in the Peruſal, I found the Author made no Uſe of this Intellect, and aſſigned no Reaſon of that fine Order and Diſpoſition; but aſſigned as Cauſes the Air, Whirlwinds, the Waters, and other Things equally abſurd.

Socrates ridicules the Phyſicks that inſiſt only on ſecond Cauſes.

His whole Performance ſeemed to reach no farther, than if a Man ſhould ſay, that *Socrates* does all by the Intellect; and after that, meaning to give a Reaſon for all my Actions, ſhould ſay, for Inſtance, to day I am ſet upon my Bed, becauſe my Body is compoſed of Bones and Nerves; the Bones being hard and ſolid, are ſeparated by the Joints; and the Nerves being capable to bend and unbend themſelves, tie the Bones to the Fleſh and the Skin, which receives and includes both the one and the other; that the Bones being diſengaged at the Joints, the Nerves which bend and unbend, enable me to fold my Legs as you ſee; and that forſooth is the Reaſon that I ſit in this Poſture. Or if a Man pretending to aſſign the Cauſe of my preſent Conference with you, ſhould inſiſt only upon the ſecond Cauſes, the Voice, the Air, Hearing, and ſuch other Things, and ſhould take no Notice of the true Cauſe, *viz.* that the *Athenians* thought it fit to condemn me, and that by the ſame Reaſon I thought it fitteſt for me to be here, and patiently wait the Execution of my Sentence; For I can ſafely ſwear, * that theſe Nerves and theſe Bones ſhould

Under the Notion of Nerves he comprehends Muſcles.

* In the *Greek* it runs, *For I ſwear by the Dog*, *Lactantius* checks him for this Oath. But *St. Auguſtine* in Lib. IV. *Of the true Religion*, juſtifies him; as if *Socrates* meant to give the *Athenians* to know, that even a Dog, being the Workmanſhip of God, deſerved more

ſhould long e'er now have been tranſlated to *Megaræ*, or *Bœtia*, if that had been fitter for me, and if I had not been ſtill perſuaded that it was better and fitter for me to endure the Puniſhment I am doomed to by my Country, than to flee like a Slave or a baniſhed Perſon. As I take it, 'tis highly ridiculous to aſſign ſuch Cauſes upon ſuch an Occaſion, and to reſt ſatisfied in them.

The utmoſt reach of Phyſicks. Here they are at a ſtand.

If it be replied, that without Bones and Nerves, and ſuch other Things, I could not do what I mean to do; the Allegation is true. But it ſavours of the greateſt Abſurdity, to fancy that theſe Bones or Nerves ſhould be the Cauſe of my Actions, rather than the Choice of what is beſt; and that my Intellect is employed on that Score: for that were to ſink the Difference between the Cauſe and the Thing, without which the Cauſe could not be ſuch. And yet the vulgar People, who take Things by Hearſay, and ſee by other People's Eye's, as if they walked in thick Darkneſs, take the true Cauſe of Things to be of that Nature. Purſuant to this Notion, * ſome ſurround the Earth with a Vortex that turns eternally round, and ſuppoſe it to be fixed in the Center of the Univerſe; others conceive it to be a broad and large Trough, which has the Air for its Baſe and Foundation. And as for the Power of Him who ranked and diſpoſed of every Thing to its beſt Advantage, that is not in their View, and they don't believe that he's intitled to any divine Virtue. They fancy they know of a ſtronger and more Immortal † Atlas, more capable to ſupport all Things. And this good and immortal Tye that is only capable to unite and comprehend all Things, they take for a Chimera.

more Honour than all the Idols they ſwore by. It may likewiſe be alledged, that *Socrates* ſwore by a Dog, a Gooſe, *&c.* in order to accuſtom Men to forbear taking the Name of God ſo often in vain.

*This was the Opinion of *Anaximenes*, *Anaxagoras*, and *Democritus*

† This Atlas is their own Judgment over-run with Obſcurity and Weakneſs.

I am

I am of their Mind, but would willingly liſt myſelf a Diſciple to any that could tell me this Cauſe, let it be what it will. But ſince I could not compaſs the Knowledge of it, neither by myſelf nor others, if you pleaſe I'll give you an Account of a ſecond Trial I made in order to find it.

I am very deſirous to hear it, ſays *Cebes*.

After I had wearied myſelf in examining all Things, I thought it my Duty to be cautious of avoiding what happens to thoſe who contemplate an Eclipſe of the Sun; for they loſe the Sight of it, unleſs they be careful to view its Reflection in Water, or any other *Medium*. A Thought much like to that came into my Head, and I feared I ſhould loſe the Eyes of my Soul, if I viewed Objects with the Eyes of my Body, or Employed any of my Senſes in endeavouring to know them. I thought I ſhould have recourſe to Reaſon, and contemplate the Truth of all Things as reflected from it. 'Tis poſſible the Simile I uſe in explaining myſelf is not very juſt *: for I myſelf cannot affirm, that he who beholds Things in the Glaſs of Reaſon, ſees them more by Reflection and Similitude, than he who beholds them in their Operations. However, the Way I followed was this: From that Time forward I grounded all upon the Reaſon that ſeemed to be beſt, and took all for Truth that I found conformable to it, whether in Things or Cauſes. And what was not conformable, I rejected, as being falſe. I'll explain my Meaning more diſtinctly; for I fancy you do not yet underſtand me.

By contemplating Objects with the Eyes of the Body, we loſe the Eyes of the Mind.

They ought to be looked upon thro' a *Medium* and that *Medium* is Reaſon.

I'll ſwear, ſays *Cebes*, I do not well underſtand you.

* He juſtly checks himſelf: for Reaſons are not like other *Mediums*: they give us to know the Eſſence of Things in ſome Meaſure, which the Operations do not.

But,

But after all, ſays *Socrates*, I advance no new Thing. This is no more than what I have ſaid a thouſand Times, and particularly in the foregoing Diſpute: for all that I aim at, is to demonſtrate what Sort of Cauſe this is that I ſought after ſo carefully. I begin with his Qualities, which are ſo much talked of, and which I take for the Foundation. I ſay then, there is ſomething that is good, fine, juſt and great, of itſelf. If you grant me this Principle, I hope by it to demonſtrate the Cauſe, and make out the Immortality of the Soul.

The immaterial and eternal Qualities have a neceſſary Relation to the Immortality of the Soul, ſuch as a Cauſe has to its Effect.

I grant it, ſays *Cebes*; you cannot be too quick in perfecting your Demonſtration.

Mind what follows, and ſee if you agree to it as I take it: If there is any Thing fine, beſides Fineneſs itſelf, it muſt be ſuch by partaking of that firſt Good: and ſo of all the other Qualities. Are you of this Opinion?

I am.

This is an Irony.

I proteſt, continues *Socrates*, I cannot well underſtand all the other learned Cauſes that are commonly given us. But if any Man aſk me what makes a Thing fine, whether the Livelineſs of its Colours, or the juſt Proportion of its Parts, and the like; I wave all theſe plauſible Reaſons, which ſerve only to confound me; and without Ceremony or Art, make Anſwer, and perhaps too ſimply, that its Fineneſs is only owing to the Preſence, or Approach, or Communication of the original fine Being, whatever be the Way of that Communication: For I am not yet certain in what Manner it is; I only know certainly, that all theſe fine Things are rendered ſuch by the Preſence of this fine Being. While I ſtand by this Principle, I reckon I cannot be deceived; and I am perſuaded, that I may ſafely make Anſwer to all Queſtions whatſoever, that all fine Things owe their Fine-

Nothing is fine but what communicates of the firſt fine Being, *i. e.* according to the Proportion of its Conformity to the Idea and Deſign of God, the firſt Cauſe of all Things.

Fineneſs to the Preſence of the above-mentioned Being. Are not you of the ſame Mind?

Yes ſure, *Socrates.*

Are not great and ſmall Things rendered ſuch in like Manner? If one told you, that ſuch a Thing is larger than another by the Head; *(a)* would not you think the Expreſſion far from being exact? and would not you make Anſwer, that whatever is larger, is rendered ſuch by Magnitude itſelf; and what is ſmaller owes its Littleneſs to Littleneſs itſelf? For if you ſaid, that ſuch a Thing is greater or ſmaller than another by the Head, I fancy you would fear being cenſured for making both the greater and leſſer Thing to be ſuch by the ſame Cauſe; and beſides, for uſing ſuch an Expreſſion as ſeems to imply, that the Head, which is a ſmall Part, makes the Largeneſs of the greater, which in Effect is a Monſter: for what can be more abſurd than to ſay that a ſmall Matter makes a Thing large? Would not you fear ſuch Objections?

Yes ſure, replies *Cebes*, ſmiling.

By the ſame Reaſon, would not you be afraid to ſay, that ten is more than eight, and ſurpaſſes it by two? and would not you rather ſay, that ten are more than eight by Quantity? In like Manner, of two Cubits, would not you ſay, they are larger than one by Magnitude, rather than by the half? For ſtill there's the ſame Occaſion of Fear.

You ſay well.

But when one is added to one, or a Thing divided into Halves, would not you avoid ſaying, that in the former Caſe Addition makes one and one two; and in the latter, Diviſion makes on Thing become two? And would not you proteſt, that you know no other

(*a*) *Socrates* does not condemn the received Expreſſions, but means to ſhew, that they do not reach the Nature and Eſſence of Things: and being always tied to Matter, cannot bear up to the true Eſſence that does all.

Of an immaterial Eſſence, depending upon the firſt Truth, *viz.* God, in which it ſubſiſts, and from whence it proceeds.

Cauſe of the Exiſtence of things, than the Participation of the Eſſence that's peculiar to every Subject; and conſequently no other Reaſon why one and one makes two, but the Participation of *Duality*, as one is one by the Participation of *Unity?* Would not you diſcard theſe Additions, Diviſions, and all the other fine Anſwers, and leave them to thoſe who know more than you do? And, for Fear of your own Shadow, as the Proverb goes, or rather of your Ignorance, would not you confine yourſelf to this Principle? And if any one attacked it, would not you let it ſtand without deigning him an Anſwer, till you had ſurveyed all the Conſequences to ſee if they are of a Piece, or not? And if afterwards you ſhould be obliged to give a Reaſon for them, would not you do it by having Recourſe to ſome of theſe other *Hypotheſes*, that ſhould appear to be the beſt; and ſo proceed from *Hypotheſis* to *Hypotheſis*, till you lighted upon ſomebody that ſatisfied you, as being a ſure and ſtanding Truth? At the ſame Time, you would be loth to perplex and confound all Things, as thoſe Diſputants do, who call all Things in Queſtion. 'Tis true, theſe Diſputants perhaps are not much concerned for the Truth: and by thus mingling and perplexing all Things by an effect of their profound Knowledge, they care ſure to pleaſe themſelves. But as for you, if you are true Philoſophers, you will do as I ſay.

A true Way of finding out the Truth.

For the Effects are not ſufficient to lay open the Nature and Eſſence of Cauſes.

Simmias and *Cebes* jointly replied, that he ſaid well.

Echec. Indeed, *Phedon*, I think it no Wonder; for to my Mind, *Socrates* explained his Principles with a wonderful Neatneſs, ſufficient to make an Impreſſion upon any Man of common Senſe.

Phed. All the Audience thought the ſame.

Echec.

Echec. Even we who have it only at ſecond hand, find it ſo. But what was ſaid next?

Phed. If I remember right after they had granted, that the * *Species* of Things have a real Subſiſtence, and that the Things participating of their Nature take their Denomination from them; then, I ſay, *Socrates* interrogated *Cebes* as follows.

If your Principle be true, when you ſay *Simmias* is larger than *Socrates* and leſſer than *Phedon*; do not you imply, that both Magnitude and Littleneſs are lodged at the ſame Time in *Simmias*?

Yes, replies *Cebes*.

But do not you own, that this Propoſition, *Simmias* is bigger than *Socrates*, is not abſolutely and in itſelf true? For *Simmias* is not bigger becauſe he is *Simmias*, but becauſe he is poſſeſſed of Magnitude. Neither is he bigger than *Socrates* becauſe *Socrates* is *Socrates*, but becauſe *Socrates* has Littleneſs in Compariſon with *Simmias*'s Magnitude. Neither is *Simmias* leſſer, than *Phedon*, becauſe *Phedon* is *Phedon*, but becauſe *Phedon* is big when compared to *Simmias* who is little.

'Tis only true upon the Compariſon.

That's true.

Thus, continues *Socrates*, *Simmias* is called both big and little, as being between two: by partaking of Bigneſs he is bigger than *Socrates*, and by partaking alſo of Littleneſs he is leſſer than *Phedon*. Then he ſmiled, and ſaid, methinks I have inſiſted too long on theſe Things; but I ſhould not have amuſed myſelf with theſe large Strokes, had it not been to convince you more effectually of the Truth of my Principle: for, as I take it, not only Magnitude itſelf cannot be at the ſame Time big and ſmall; but beſides, the Magnitude that is in us does not admit of Littleneſs, and has no Mind to be ſurpaſſed: for either the

He means to prove that two Contraries can never meet in the ſame Subject.

* By *Species*, he means the eternal Ideas of Things, which ſubſiſt really, *i. e.* in the Intellect of God.

Magnitude flees and yields its Place when it ſees its Enemy approaching, or elſe it vaniſhes and periſhes entirely; and, when once it has received it, it deſires to continue as it is. As I, for Inſtance, having received Littleneſs, while I am as you ſee me, cannot but be little: For that which is big does never attempt to be little: And in like Manner Littleneſs never encroaches upon Magnitude. In a word, any of the Contraries, while it is what it is, is never to be found with its Contrary; but either diſappears or periſhes when the other comes in.

Cebes agreed to it: But one of the Company, I forgot who, addreſſed himſelf to *Socrates* thus: In the Name of all the Gods, did not you ſay contrary to what you now advance? Did not you conclude upon this that greater Things take Riſe from the leſſer, and the leſſer from the greater; and, in a Word, that Contraries do ſtill produce their Contraries? Whereas now, as I take it, you alledge that can never be.

Whereupon *Socrates* put his Head further out of the Bed, and having heard the Objection ſaid to him, Indeed you do well to put us in Mind of what we ſaid; but you do not perceive the Difference between the former and the latter. In the former we aſſerted, that every Contrary owes its Being to its Contrary: And in the latter we teach, that a Contrary is never contrary to itſelf, neither in us, nor in the Courſe of Nature *(a)*. There we ſpoke of Things that had Contraries, meaning to call every one of them by

Contraries do in Effect ſucceed one another; but never are found together. Thus Cold, while it is Cold, can never become Heat.

(a) That is, there he ſpoke of ſenſible Thing which have Contraries, and are capable of receiving theſe Contraries reciprocally, as a little Thing becomes big, and a big Thing little. But here he ſpeaks of the Things themſelves, the intelligible Contraries, ſuch as Cold and Heat, which give Name to the Subjects they are lodged in by their own Name, and are never capable of receiving their Contraries; for Cold can never become Heat, nor Heat Cold: They are always what they are.

their

their proper Names: But here we ſpeak of ſuch Things as give a Denomination to their Subjects, which we told you, could never admit of their Contraries. Then, turning to *Cebes*, did not this Objection, ſays he, likewiſe give you ſome Trouble?

No, indeed, *Socrates*, replies *Cebes*; I can aſſure you that few Things are capable to trouble me at preſent.

Then we agreed upon this ſimple Propoſition, ſays *Socrates*, that a Contrary can never be contrary to itſelf.

That's true, ſays *Cebes*.

But what do you ſay to this? Is Cold and Heat any Thing?

Yes, ſure.

What, is it like Snow and Fire?

No, ſure, *Socrates*.

He ſpeaks of Heat and Cold as abſtracted from their Subjects.

Then you own, that Heat is different from Fire, and Cold from Snow?

Without Queſtion, *Socrates*.

I believe you'll likewiſe own, that when the Snow receives Heat it is no more what it was, but either gives Way, or diſappears for good and all, when the Heat approaches. In like Manner the Fire will either yield or be extinguiſhed when the Cold prevails upon it; for then it cannot be Fire and Cold together.

'Tis ſo, ſays *Cebes*.

As the even and odd Numbers.

There are alſo ſome Contraries, that not only give Name to their Species: but likewiſe impart it to other Things different from it, which preſerve its Figure and Form while they have a Being. For Inſtance,

Muſt not an odd Thing have always the ſame Name?

Yes, ſure.

Is that the only Thing that is ſo called? Or, is not there ſome other Things different from it, which muſt needs be called by the ſame Name, by Reaſon that it belongs to its Nature never to be without Odds? For inſtance, Muſt not the ternary Number be called not only by its own Name, but likewiſe by the Name of an odd Number; tho' at the ſame time to be

For the ternary Number partakes of the odd.

odd and to be three are two different Things? Now ſuch is the Nature of the Number three, five, and all other odd Numbers; each of 'em is always odd, and yet their Nature is not the ſame with the Nature of the odd. In like Manner, even Numbers, ſuch as two, four, eight, are all of them even, tho' at the ſame Time their Nature is not that of the even. Do not you own this?

How can I do otherwiſe, ſay *Cebes*?

Pray mind what I infer from thence. 'Tis, that not only theſe Contraries, which are uncapable of receiving their Contraries, but all other Things which are not oppoſite one to another and yet have always their Contraries; all theſe Things, I ſay, are uncapable of receiving a Form oppoſite to their own; and either diſappear or periſh upon the Appearance of the oppoſite Form. For Inſtance: Number three will ſink a thouſand Times rather than become an even Number, while it continues to be three. Is it not ſo?

Yes, ſure, replies *Cebes*.

But after all, ſays *Socrates*, two are not contrary to three.

No, ſure.

As two cannot receive three, nor three two, tho' they are not Contraries.

Then the contrary Species are not the only Things that refuſe Admiſſion to their Contraries; ſince, as you ſee, other things that are not contrary cannot abide the Approach of that which has the leaſt Shadow of Contrariety.

That's certain.

Do you deſire then that I ſhould define them as near as poſſible?

Ay, with all my Heart, *Socrates*.

The Definition of Contraries.

Muſt not Contraries be ſuch Things as give ſuch a Form to that in which they are lodged, that it is not capable of giving Admiſſion to another Thing that's contrary to them?

How do you ſay?

I ſay as I ſaid but now: Wherever the Idea or Form of three is lodged, that Thing muſt of neceſſity continue, not only to be three, but to be odd.

Who

Who doubts that?

And by Conſequence 'tis impoſſible for the Idea or Form that's contrary to its conſtituent Form, ever to approach.

That's a plain Caſe.

Well, is not the Conſtituent Form an odd?

Yes.

Is not *even* the Form that's contrary to the odd?

Yes.

Then the Form of even is never lodged in three?

No, ſure.

Then three is uncapable of being even?

Moſt certainly.

And that, becauſe three is odd?

Yes, ſure.

Now this is the Concluſion I meaned to prove, That ſome Things that are not contrary to one another, are as uncapable of that other Thing, as if it were truly a Contrary; as for Inſtance, tho' three is not Contrary to an even Number, yet it can never admit of it. For two brings always ſomething contrary to an odd Number, like Fire to Cold, and ſeveral other Things. Would not you agree then to this Definition, that a Contrary does not only refuſe Admiſſion to its Contrary, but likewiſe to that which, being not contrary, brings upon it ſomething of a contrary Name, which by that Sort of Contrariety deſtroys its Form?

I pray you let me hear that again, ſays *Cebes*; for 'tis worth the while to hear it often.

I ſay Number *five* will never be an even Number; juſt as ten, which is its double, will never be odd; no more than three Fourths, or a third Part, or any other Part of a whole, will never admit of the Form and Idea of the whole. Do you not underſtand me? do you take me up? and do you agree with what I ſay?

I underſtand you; I apprehend you to a Miracle; and I agree with you too.

Since you underſtand me, ſays *Socrates*, pray anſwer me as I do you; that is, anſwer me, not what I ask, but ſomething elſe, according to the Idea and Example I have

have given you; I mean, that beſides the true and certain Way of anſwering ſpoken of already, I have yet another in my View that ſprings from that, and is fully as ſure: For Inſtance, if you aſk me what it is, that being in the Body, makes it hot, I would not give you this ignorant, tho' ſure Anſwer, that 'tis Heat: But would draw a more particular Anſwer from what we have been ſpeaking of, and would tell you that it is Fire: And if you ſhould aſk what it is that makes the Body ſick, I would not ſay, 'twas the Diſeaſe but the Fever. If you ask me what makes a Number odd, I would not tell you, that it is the Oddneſs, but Unity; and ſo of the reſt.

For theſe Anſwers ſtill make Room for new Queſtions, and ſo there's no End. We ſhould always have Recourſe to the firſt Cauſes, or the ſubſtantial Cauſe.

Do you underſtand what I mean?

I underſtand you perfectly well, replies *Cebes*.

Anſwer me, then, continues *Socrates*; what makes the Body live?

He does not ſay Life, but the Soul.

The Soul.

Is the Soul always the ſame?

How ſhould it be otherwiſe?

Does the Soul then carry Life along with it into all the Bodies it enters.

Moſt certainly.

Is there any Thing that's Contrary to Life, or is there nothing?

Yes, Death is the Contrary of Life.

Then the Soul will never receive that which is contrary to what it carries in its Boſom; That's a neceſſary Conſequence from our Principles.

For the Soul can no more receive its Contrary, than the odd can the even, or two three.

'Tis a plain Conſequence, ſays *Cebes*.

But what Name do we give to that which refuſes Admiſſion to the Idea and Form of Evenneſs?

'Tis the odd Number.

How do we call that which never receives Juſtice, and that which never receives Good?

The one is called Injuſtice, and the other Evil.

And

And how do we call that which never admits of Death?

Immortal.

Does the Soul admit of Death?

No.

(a) Then the Soul is immortal.

Moſt certainly.

Is that fully demonſtrated, or was the Demonſtration imperfect?

It is fully made out, *Socrates*.

(b) If an odd Number of Neceſſity were incorruptible, would not three be ſo too.

Who doubts it?

If whatever is without Heat, were neceſſarily incorruptible, would not Snow, when put to the Fire, withdraw itſelf ſafe from the Danger? For ſince it cannot periſh, it will never receive the Heat, notwithſtanding its being held to the Fire.

What you ſay is true.

In like Manner, if that which is not ſuſceptible of Cold, were by a natural Neceſſity exempted from periſhing, though a whole River were thrown upon the Fire, it would never go out, but, on the Contrary, would come off with its full Force.

There's an abſolute Neceſſity for that, ſays *Cebes*.

Then of Neceſſity we muſt ſay the ſame of what is immortal: If that which is immortal is incorruptible, though Death approach to the Soul, it ſhall never fall in the Attack: For, as we ſaid but now, the Soul will never receive Death, and will never die: Juſt as three, or any odd Number will never be even; Fire will never be cold, nor its Heat be turned into Coldneſs.

(a) His Meaning is, that the Soul is as far from dying, as Good from giving Admiſſion to Evil, or Juſtice to Injuſtice, or an Odd to Even: And that the Soul is immortal, as neceſſarily as three is odd.

(b) If the Soul be immortal, it is incorruptible, *i. e.* it reſiſts and triumphs over all the Aſſaults of Death.

Perhaps

(*a*) Perhaps ſome may anſwer, That 'tis true, the Odd can never become Even, by the Acceſſion of what is even, while it continues odd; but what ſhould hinder the Even to take up the Room of the Odd when it comes to periſh? To this Objection (*b*) it cannot be anſwered that the Odd does not periſh, for 'tis not incorruptible. Had we eſtabliſhed its Incorruptiblity, we ſhould juſtly have maintained, that notwithſtanding the Attacks of the Even, the Odd of three would ſtill come off without Loſs: And we ſhould have aſſerted the ſame of Fire, Heat, and ſuch other Things, ſhould not we?

Moſt certainly, ſays *Cebes*.

And, by Conſequence, if we agree upon this, that every immortal Thing is incorruptible, it will neceſſarily follow, not only that the Soul is immortal, but that it is incorruptible. And if we cannot agree upon that, we muſt look out for another Proof.

There's no Occaſion for that, *Socrates*, replies *Cebes*; for what is it that ſhould avoid Corruption and Death, if an immortal and eternal Being be liable to them?

All the World will agree, ſays *Socrates*, that God and Life itſelf, and whatever 'tis that is immortal, does not periſh.

(*) At leaſt, ſays *Cebes*, all Men will profeſs ſo.

(*a*) *Socrates* prevents an Objection, *viz.* That the Soul while it is a Soul, does not receive Death; but upon the Approach of Death, it ceaſes to be what it was. To this he gives a ſatisfactory Anſwer.

(*b*) He means, that a real and ſenſible Odd cannot become Even by the Arrival of an Even occaſioning the Diſappearance of the Odd: For a real Odd is not exempted from periſhing. But the Soul is immortal, as three is odd, ſo that it cannot die, but continues for ever, as well as Life, Juſtice, the Proportions of Numbers, an intelligible Odd, *&c.*

(*) *Cebes* means, that Men will be forced to ſay ſo, becauſe perhaps, they have not Light enough to defeat theſe Reaſons, tho' 'tis poſſible they are none of the beſt. *Socrates* preſently ſmells this to be the Importance of *Cebes*'s Words; and, on that View, makes this incomparable Reply, That the Gods will yet more agree to it; meaning to give us to know, that Truth is more Truth in the Intellect of God, than in the Mind of Man, which is always too weak to comprehend it.

The

The Conſequence is abſolutely neceſſary and certain. And, by Conſequence, continues *Socrates*, when a Man comes to die, his mortal and corruptible Part dies; but the immortal Part goes off ſafe, and triumphs over Death.

That's plain and evident.

Then, my dear *Cebes*, if there be any ſuch Thing as an immortal and incorruptible Being, ſuch is the Soul; and by Conſequence our Souls ſhall live hereafter.

I have nothing to object, ſays *Cebes*; and cannot but yield to your Arguments. But if *Simmias*, or any of the Company has any Thing to offer, they'll do well not to ſtifle it; for when will they find another Occaſion for diſcourſing and ſatisfying themſelves upon theſe important Subjects?

For my Part, ſay *Simmias*, I cannot but ſubſcribe to what *Socrates* has ſaid: But I own, that the Greatneſs of the Subject, and the natural Weakneſs of Man, occaſion within me a Sort of Diſtruſt and Incredulity.

The Greatneſs of the Subject, and the natural Weakneſs of Men, are two great Occaſions of their Uncertainty with Reference to the Immortality of the Soul.

You have not only ſpoke well, ſays *Socrates*; but beſides, notwithſtanding the apparent Certainty of our firſt *Hypotheſis*, 'tis needful you ſhould reſume them, in order to a more leiſurely View, and to convince yourſelf more clearly and effectually. If you underſtand them ſufficiently, you'll willingly ſecond my Thoughts as much as is poſſible for a Man to do: and when you are once fully convinced, you'll need no other Proof.

He exhorts his Friends to ſurvey his Arguments more maturely after his Death, being perſuaded that the more they dwell upon them, the more they'll be convinced of their Truth.

That's well ſaid, replies *Cebes*.

There's

The rewarding the Good and punishing the Wicked in the other World, being Consequents of the Immortality of the Soul, require our Care of the Soul in this Life.

(*a*) There's one Thing more, my Friends, that is a very just Thought, *viz.* That if the Soul is immortal it stands in need of Cultivating and Improvement, not only in the Time, that we call the Time of Life; but for the Future, or what we call the Time of Eternity: For if you think justly upon this Point, you'll find it very dangerous to neglect the Soul. Were Death the Dissolution of the whole Man, it would be (*b*) a great Advantage to the wicked after Death, to be rid at once of their Body, their Soul, and their Vices. But forasmuch as the Soul is immortal, the only Way to avoid those Evils and obtain Salvation, is to become Good and Wise: For it carries nothing along with it, but its good or bad Actions, and its Virtues or Vices, which are the Cause of its eternal Happiness or Misery, commencing form the first Minute of its Arrival in the other world. And 'tis said, that after the Death of every individual Person, the *Demon* or *Genius*, that was Partner with it and conducted it during Life, leads it to a certain Place, where all the Dead are obliged to appear in order to be judged, and from thence are conducted by a Guide to the World below. And, after they have there received their good or bad Deserts, and continued there their appointed Time, another Conductor brings them back to this

The Soul carries nothing into the other World, but its good or bad Actions,

(*a*) 'Tis not enough that the Understanding be convinced of the Immortality of the Soul; the Affections must likewise be moved. To which end he represents the Consequences of that important Truth, and all that it requires.

(*b*) The Wicked would be happy if the Soul were mortal. This Principle has a considerable Proof of the Immortality of the Soul couched in it; for, if the Soul were mortal, Virtue would be pernicious to the Good, and Vice would be serviceable to the Wicked, which is unworthy of God, and by Consequence there must be another Life, for rewarding the Good, and punishing the Bad.

Life,

Life, after ſeveral Revolutions of Ages. Now this Road is not a plain united Road, elſe there would be no Occaſion for Guides, and nobody would miſs their Way: But there are ſeveral By-Ways and Croſs-Ways, as I conjecture from the Method of our Sacrifices and religious Ceremonies. So that a temperate wiſe Soul follows its Guide and is not ignorant of what happens to it: But the Soul that's nailed to its Body, as I ſaid juſt now, that is inflamed with the Love of it, and has been long its Slave, after much ſtruggling and ſuffering in this viſible World, is at laſt dragged along againſt its Will by the *Demon* allotted for its Guide. And when it arrives at that Rendezvous of all Souls, if it has been guilty of any impurity, or polluted with Murder, or has committed any of thoſe attrocious Crimes, that deſperate and loſt Souls are commonly guilty of, the other Souls abhor it and avoid its Company: It finds neither Companion or Guide, but wanders in a fearful Solitude and horrible Deſert; till after a certain Time Neceſſity drags it into the Manſions it deſerves: Whereas the temperate and pure Soul has the Gods themſelves for its Guides and Conductors, and goes to cohabit with them in the Manſions of Pleaſure prepared for it. For, my Friends, there are ſeveral marvellous Places in the Earth: and 'tis not at all ſuch as the Deſcribers of it are wont to make it, (*a*) as I was taught by one who knew it very well

The Sacrifices and Ceremonies of the *Pagans* were only Figures.

The Lye did always imitate the Truth.

How do you ſay, *Socrates*, ſays *Simmias*, interrupting him? I have likewiſe heard ſeveral Things of the Earth, but not what you have heard. Wherefore I wiſh you would be pleaſed to tell us what you know.

(*a*) *Socrates* does not mention who taught him this Doctrine of the pure Earth: But it is no hard Matter to find out the Author. *Proclus* himſelf acknowledges, that *Socrates* and *Plato* owed this Idea to the ſacred Tradition of the *Egyptians*, that is, to the *Hebrews*, ὁ καὶ ἡ τῶν Αἰγυπτίων ἱερὰ φωνὴ παραδίδωσι.

In Tim. lib. 2.

To recount that to you, my dear *Simmias*, I do not believe we have any Occaſion for (*b*) *Glaucus*'s Art. But, to make out the Truth of it, is a more difficult Matter, and I queſtion if all *Glaucus*'s Art can reach it. Such an Attempt is not only above my Reach; but ſuppoſing it were not, the ſhort Time I have left me, will not ſuffer me to imbarque in ſo long a Diſcourſe. All that I can do, is, to give you a general Idea of this Earth, and the places it contains.

That will be enough, ſays *Simmias*.

In the firſt Place, continues *Socrates*, I am perſuaded, that if the Earth is placed in the Middle of Heaven, (the Air) as they ſay it is, it ſtands in no need of Air, or any other Support to prevent its Fall: For Heaven itſelf is wrapped equally about it, and its own *Equilibrium* is in the Middle of a Thing, that preſſes equally upon it, cannot incline to either Side, and conſequently ſtands firm and unmoveable. This I am convinced of.

You have reaſon to be ſo, replies *Simmias*.

I am farther perſuaded, that the Earth is very large and ſpacious, and that we only inhabit that Part of it which reaches from the River *Phaſis* to the Straits of *Gibraltar*, upon which we are ſcattered like ſo many Ants dwelling in Holes, or like Frogs that reſide in ſome Marſh near the Sea. There are ſeveral other Nations that inhabit its other Parts that are unknown to us: For, all over the Earth there are Holes of all Sizes and Figures,

(*b*) When they meaned to imply the Difficulty of a Thing, they were wont to to ſay, by Way of Proverb, that they ſtood in need of *Glaucus*'s Art, who, from a Man, became a Sea-God. But thoſe who comment upon this Proverb, alledge it was made upon another *Glaucus*, who invented the forging of Iron. But I am induced to believe the contrary, by this, that the Fable of *Glaucus*, the Sea-God, was founded upon his being an excellent Diver; to which it is probable *Socrates* alluded: In earneſt, if one would viſit the Earth he ſpeaks of, of which ours is only a Sediment, he muſt be a better Diver than *Glaucus*, in order to paſs the Currents and Seas that divide them. He muſt raiſe his Thoughts above all Earth or material Things.

always

always filled with groſs Air, and covered with thick Clouds, and overflown by the Waters that ruſh in on all Sides.

There is another (*a*) pure Earth above the pure Heaven where the Stars are, which is commonly called *Æther*. The Earth we inhabit is properly nothing elſe but the Sediment of the other, and its groſſer Part which flows continually into thoſe Holes. We are immured in thoſe Cells, tho' we are not ſenſible of it, and fancy we inhabit the upper Part of the pure Earth: much after the ſame Rate, as if one living in the Deeps of the Sea ſhould fancy his Habitation to be above the Waters: and when he ſees the Sun and other Stars through the Waters, ſhould fancy the Sea to be the Heavens; and by Reaſon of his Heavineſs and Weakneſs, having never put forth his Head or raiſed himſelf above the Waters, ſhould never know that the place we inhabit is purer and neater than his, and ſhould never meet with any Perſon to inform him. This is juſt our Condition; we are mewed up within ſome Hole of the Earth, and fancy we live at the Top of all: we take the Air for the true Heavens, in which the Stars run their Rounds. And the Cauſe of our Miſtake, is our Heavineſs and Weakneſs, that keep us from ſurmounting this thick and muddy Air. If any could mount up with Wings to the upper Surface, he would no ſooner put his Head out of this groſs Air, but he would behold what's tranſacted in thoſe bleſſed Manſions; juſt as the Fiſhes skipping above the Surface of the Waters, ſee wha 's done in the Air in which we breathe. And if he were a Man fit for long contemplation, he would find it to be the (*b*) true Heaven and the true Light; in a Word, to be the true Earth. For this Earth that we inhabit, theſe Stones, and all theſe Places are entirely corrupted and gnawed, juſt as whatever is in

(*a*) The Idea of this pure Earth is taken from the Writings of the Prophets, from whence the *Egyptians* derived it.

(*b*) For the true Heavens and the true Light cannot be known without long and continual Meditation.

the Sea is corroded by the Sharpneſs of the Salts. And the Sea produces nothing that's perfect or valuable (c). It contains nothing but Caves and Mud; and where-ever any Ground is found, there's nothing but deep Sloughs, nothing comparable to what we have here. Now the Things in the other Manſions are more above what we have here, than what we have here is above what we meet with in the Sea. And in order to make you conceive the Beauty of this pure Earth ſituated in the Heavens, if you pleaſe, I'll tell you a pretty Story that's worth your hearing

We ſhall hear it, ſays *Simmias*, with a great deal of Pleaſure.

(d) Firſt of all, my dear *Simmias*, continued *Socrates*, if one looks upon this Earth from a high Place, they ſay, it looks like one of our Packs covered with twelve Welts of different Colours. For it is varied with a greater Number of different Colours, of which thoſe made uſe of by our Painters are but ſorry Patterns. For the Colours of this Earth are infinitely more clean and lively. One is an admirable Purple; another a colour of Gold, more ſparkling than Gold itſelf; a third a White more lively than the Snow; and ſo on of all the reſt, the Beauty whereof leaves all our Colours here far behind it. The Chinks of this Earth are filled with Water and Air, which make up an Infinity of admirable Shadows, ſo wonderfully deverſified by that infinite Varitey of Colours.

In this ſo perfect an Earth, every Thing has a Perfection anſwerable to its Qualities. The Trees, Flowers, Fruits and Mountains are charmingly beautiful; they produce all ſorts of precious Stones of an incomparable Perfection, Clearneſs and Splendor, thoſe we eſteem ſo much here, ſuch as Emeralds, Jaſper, and Saphir are

(c) Socrates undervalued all the Productions of the Sea, which we now eſteem ſo much.

(d) This Deſcription of the Beauty of this pure Earth, the Manſion of the Bleſſed is grounded on the 54th Chapter of *Iſaiah* and the 28th of *Ezekiel*.

but

but ſmall Parcels of them. There is not one in that bleſſed Earth that is not infinitely more pretty than any of ours. The Cauſe of all which is, that all theſe precious Stones are pure, neither gnawed nor ſpoiled by the Sharpneſs of the Salts, or the Corruption of the Sediment or Dregs that fall from thence into our lower Earth, where they aſſemble, and infect not only the Stones and the Earth but the Plants and Animals, with all Sorts of Pollution and Diſeaſes.

Beſides all theſe Beauties now mentioned, this Bleſſed Earth is enriched with Gold and Silver, which being ſcattered all over in great Abundance, caſts forth a charming Splendor on all Sides: ſo that a Sight of this Earth is a View of the Bleſſed. It is inhabited by all Sorts of (*a*) Animals, and by Men, ſome of whom are caſt into the Centre of the Earth, and others are ſcattered about the Air, as we are about the Sea. There are ſome alſo that inhabit the Iſles, formed by the Air near the Continent. For there (*b*) the Air is the ſame Thing that Water and the Sea are here; and the *Æther* does them the ſame Service that the Air does to us. Their Seaſons are ſo admirably well tempered, that their Life is much longer than ours, and always free from Diſtempers: and as for their Sight, Hearing, and all their other Senſes, and even their Intellect itſelf, they ſurpaſs us as far as the *Æther* they breathe in exceeds our groſs Air for Simplicity and Purity. They have ſacred Groves, and Temples actually inhabited by the Gods, who give Evidence of their Preſence by Oracles, Divinations, Inſpirations, and all other ſenſible Signs; and who converſe with them. They ſee the Sun and Moon, without any intervening;

(*a*) The Notion of theſe Animals ſeems to be taken from the Viſions of *Ezekiel*.

(*b*) In this Deſcription we may perceive moſt of the Strokes of that given by *Moſes* of the terreſtrial Paradiſe, which was a Type of this Land of the Juſt, the true Paradiſe. And, what I take to be very remarkable, we may plainly ſee that theſe Philoſophers held this pure Earth to be actually in Being at the ſame Time with this our impure and groſſer Earth.

intervening Medium, and view the Stars as they are in themſelves. And all the other Branches of their Felicity are proportional to theſe.

This is the Situation of that Earth, and this is the Matter of all that ſurrounds it. All about it there are ſeveral Abyſſes in its Cavities, ſome of which are deeper and more open than the Country we inhabit; others are deeper, but not ſo open; and ſome again have a more extenſive Breadth, but a leſſer Depth. All theſe Abyſſes are bored thro' in ſeveral Parts, and have Pipes communicating one with another, thro' which there runs juſt as in the Caves of Mount *Ætna*, a vaſt Quantity of Water, very large and deep Rivers, Springs of cold and hot Waters, Fountains, and Rivers * of Fire, and other Rivers of Mud, ſome thinner and ſome thicker and more muddy, like thoſe Torrents of Mud and of Fire that are caſt out from Mount *Ætna*.

Theſe Abyſſes are filled with theſe Waters in Proportion to their falling out of one into another. All theſe Sources move both downwards and upwards, like a Veſſel hung above the Earth; which Veſſel is naturally one, and indeed the greateſt of theſe Abyſſes. It goes acroſs the whole Earth, and is open on two Sides. † *Homer* ſpeaks of it, when he ſays, I'll throw it into the obſcure § *Tartarus*, that's a great Way from hence; the deepeſt Abyſs under the Earth. *Homer* is not the only Author that called this Place by the Name of *Tartarus*: moſt of the other Poets did the ſame.

* *Plato* borrowed from the Writings of the Prophets thoſe Rivers of Fire prepared for the Puniſhment of the Wicked after their Judgment; and particularly had read the 8th Chapter of *Daniel*. *Theodoret*.

† In the beginning of the 8th Book of his *Iliads*.

§ The Prophet *Ezekiel* calls this *Tartarus the nether Part of the Earth*. He ſpeaks of the Rivers and Waters in the Pit, ch. 31. 14, 15. & 32. 18. But long before *Ezekiel Homer* had the ſame Ideas from the Tradition of the *Egyptians*.

All

All the Rivers rendezvous in this Abyſs, and run out from thence again. Each of theſe Rivers is tinctured with the Nature of the Earth thro' which it runs. And the Reaſon of their not ſtagnating in theſe Abyſſes, is this, that they find no Ground, but roll and throw their Waters upſide down. The Air and Wind that girds them about does the ſame, for it follows them when they riſe above the Earth, and when they deſcend towards us. And juſt as in the Reſpiration of Animals there is an inceſſant Ingreſs and Egreſs of Air, ſo the Air that mingles with the Waters, accompanies them in their Ingreſs and Egreſs, and raiſes raging Winds.

When theſe Waters fall into this lower Abyſs, they diffuſe themſelves into all the Channels of the Springs and Rivers, and fill them up; juſt as if one were drawing up Water with two Pails one of which fills as the other empties. For theſe Waters flowing from thence, fill up all our Channels; from whence diffuſing themſelves all about, they fill our Seas, Rivers, Lakes, and Fountains. After that they diſappear, and diving into the Earth, ſome with a large Compaſs, and others by ſmall Turnings, repair to *Tartarus*, where they enter by other Paſſages than thoſe they came out by, and withal much lower. Some re-enter on the ſame Side, and others on the oppoſite Side to that of their Egreſs; and ſome again enter on all Sides, after they have made one or ſeveral Turns round the Earth; like Serpents folding their Bodies into ſeveral Rolls; and having gained Entrance, riſe up to the middle of the Abyſs, but cannot reach farther, by Reaſon that the other half is higher than their Level. They form ſeveral very great and large Currents; but there are four *(a)* principal ones,

(a) Theſe four Rivers, which have their Courſe in the Places appointed for the Puniſhment of the Wicked, might have been imagined from the four Rivers of the terreſtrial Paradiſe. As the Apartment of the Juſt was watered by four Rivers, which enlarged its Delightfulneſs, 'twas proper that the Apartment of the Wicked ſhould likewiſe be watered by four Rivers of a contrary Nature, which might add to the Horror of that Place of Darkneſs and Sorrow.

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the greateſt of which is the outermoſt of all, and is called the Ocean.

Oppoſite to that is *Acheron*, which runs thro' the deſert Places, and diving thro' the Earth, falls into the Marſh, which from it is called the *Acheruſian Lake*, whither all ouls repair upon their Departure from this Body; and having ſtaid there all the Time appointed, ſome a ſhorter, ſome a longer Time, are ſent back to this World to animate Beaſts.

Between *Acheron* and the *Ocean*, there runs a third River, which retires again not far from its Source, and falls into a vaſt Space full of Fire: there it forms a Lake greater than our Sea, in which the Water mixed with Mud boils, and ſetting out from thence all black and muddy, runs along the Earth to the End of the *Acheruſian* Lake, without mixing with its Waters; and after having made ſeveral Turnings under the Earth, throws itſelf underneath *Tartarus*: and this is the flaming River called *Phlegeton*, the Streams whereof are ſeen to fly up upon the Earth in ſeveral Places.

Oppoſite to this is the fourth River, which falls firſt into a horrible wild Place, of a bluiſh Colour, called by the Name of *Stygian*, where it forms the formidable Lake of *Styx*: And after it has tinctured itſelf with horrible Qualities from the Waters of that Lake, dives into the Earth, where it makes ſeveral Turns, and directing its Courſe over-againſt *Phlegeton*, at laſt meets it in the Lake of *Acheron*, where it does not mingle its Waters with thoſe of the other Rivers; but after it has run its Round on the Earth, throws itſelf into the *Tartarus* by a Paſſage oppoſite to that of *Phlegeton*. This fourth River is called by the Poets *Cocytus*. Nature having thus diſpoſed of all theſe Things, when the Dead arrive at the Place whither their *Demon* leads them, they are all tried and judged, both thoſe that lived a holy and juſt Life, and thoſe who wallowed in Injuſtice and Impiety.

The Judgment of the Good and Bad.

Thoſe

Thoſe who are found to have lived neither entirely a criminal, nor abſolutely an innocent Life, are ſent to the *Acheron*. There they embark in Boats, and are tranſported to the *Acheruſian* Lake, where they dwell, and ſuffer Puniſhment proportionable to their Crimes; till at laſt being purged and cleanſed from their Sins; and ſet at Liberty, they receive the Recompence of their good Actions.

The Judgment of thoſe, who are neither abſolutely criminal nor innocent.

Thoſe whoſe Sins are incurable, and have been guilty of Sacrilege and Murder, or ſuch other Crimes, are by a juſt and fatal Deſtiny thrown headlong into *Tartarus*, where they are kept Priſoners for ever.

The Judgment of thoſe who are guilty of mortal Sins.

But thoſe who are found guilty of curable (venial) Sins, tho' very great ones, ſuch as offering Violence to their Father or Mother in a Paſſion, or killing a Man, and repenting for it all their Life-time, muſt of neceſſity be likewiſe caſt into *Tartarus*: but after a Year's Abode there, the Tide throws the Homicides back into *Cocytus*, and the * Parricides into *Phlegeton*, which draws them into the *Acheruſian* Lake. There they cry out bitterly, and invoke thoſe whom they have killed or offered Violence to, to aid them; and conjure them to forgive them, and to ſuffer them to paſs the Lake, and give them Admittance. If they are prevailed with, they paſs the Lake, and are delivered from their Miſery; if not, they are caſt again into *Tartarus*, which throws them back into theſe Rivers; and this continues to be repeated, till they have ſatisfied the injured † Perſons. For ſuch is the Sentence pronounced againſt them.

The Sentence upon thoſe who are guilty of great Sins curable by Repentance.

* By Parricides he means thoſe who offer Violence to their Parents, for killing a Parent is an irremiſſible Sin.

† *Socrates* teaches, that Satisfaction muſt precede the Pardon of Sin.

But

But thoſe who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves by a holy Life, are releaſed from theſe earthly Places, theſe horrible Priſons; and received above into that pure Earth, where they dwell; and thoſe of them who are ſufficiently purged by Philoſophy, live for ever § without their Body, and are received into yet more admirable and delicious Manſions, which I cannot eaſily deſcribe, neither do the narrow Limits of my Time allow me to launch into that Subject.

A bleſſed Immortality is a great Price ſet before us.

What I told you but now, is ſufficient, my dear *Simmias*, to ſhew that we ought to labour all our Life-time to purchaſe Virtue and Wiſdom, ſince we have ſo great a Hope, and ſo great a Reward propoſed to us.

No Man of Senſe can pretend to aſſure you, that all theſe Things are juſt as I have ſaid: † but all thinking Men will be poſitive that the State of the Soul, and the Place of its Abode after Death, is abſolutely ſuch as I repreſent it to be, or at leaſt very near it, provided the Soul be immortal; and will certainly find it worth his while to run the Riſk; for what Danger is more inviting? One muſt needs be charmed with that bleſſed Hope. And for this Reaſon I have dilated a little upon this Subject.

What Danger more inviting than to venture a finite Loſs for an infinite Gain?

Every one that during his Life time renounced the Pleaſures of the Body that looked upon the Appurtenances of the Body as foreign Ornaments, and ſiding with the contrary Party, purſued only the Pleaſures of true Knowledge, and beautified his Soul, not with foreign Ornaments, but with Ornaments ſuitable

The Pleaſures of true Knowledge.

§ This was a great Error among the Heathens: They did not believe that the Body could be glorified.

† *Socrates* aſſures us, that the Matter is ſo, but is not poſitive of the Manner.

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to tis Nature, ſuch as Temperance, Juſtice, Fortitude, Liberty and Truth: Such a one, being firmly confident of the Happineſs of his Soul, ought to wait peaceable for the Hour of his Removal. as being always ready for the Voyage, whenever his Fate calls him.

The ſuitable Ornaments of the Soul.

As for you, my dear *Simmias*, *Cebes*, and all you of this Company, you ſhall all follow me when your Hour comes. Mine is now, and as a tragical Poet would ſay, the ſurly Pilot calls me aboard; wherefore 'tis Time I ſhould go to the Bath: for I think 'tis better to drink the Poiſon after I am waſhed, in order to ſave the Women the trouble of waſhing me after I am dead.

Socrates having thus ſpoke, *Crito* addreſſed himſelf to *Socrates*, thus: Alas then! in Gods name be it. But what Orders do you give me and the reſt here preſent, with Reference to your Children, or your Affairs, that by putting them in Execution, we may at leaſt have the Comfort of obliging you?

What I now recommend to you, *Crito*, replies *Socrates*, is what I always recommended, *viz.* To take Care of yourſelves. You cannot do yourſelves a more conſiderable Piece of Service, nor oblige me and my Family more (*a*), than to promiſe me at this Time ſo to do. Whereas if you neglect yourſelves, and

To ask nothing of our Friends but that they take Care of themſelves: All is comprehended in that Prayer.

(*a*) There's a great deal of Senſe in what *Socrates* here tells his Friends: he deſires them only to take Care of themſelves, becauſe if they take Care of themſelves, they'll prove good Men; and being ſuch, will do all good Offices to his Family, tho' they did not promiſe it: for good Men are honeſt, and take Pleaſure in doing Good and love their Neighbours. Whereas, if they neglect themſelves, notwithſtanding all their fair Promiſes, they would not be capable to do any Thing either for him or themſelves. None but good Men can do Services. How great is this Truth!

refuſe

refuſe to form your Lives according to the || Model I always propoſed to you, and follow it as it were by the Footſteps, all your Proteſtations and Offers of Service will be altogether uſeleſs to me.

We ſhall do our utmoſt, *Socrates*, replies *Crito*, to obey you. But how will you be buried?

Juſt as you pleaſe, ſays *Socrates*; if you can but catch me, and if I do not give you the Slip. At the ſame Time, looking upon us with a gentle Smile, I cannot, ſays he, compaſs my End, in perſuading *Crito* that this is *Socrates* who diſcourſes with you, and methodizes all the Parts of this Diſcourſe; and ſtill he fancies that *Socrates* is the Thing that ſhall ſee Death by and by. He confounds me with my Corps; and in that View aſks how I muſt be buried? And this long Diſcourſe that I made to you but now, in order to make it out, that as ſoon as I ſhall have taken down the Poiſon, I ſhall ſtay no longer with you but ſhall part from hence, and go to enjoy the Felicity of the Bleſſed; in a Word, all that I have ſaid for your Conſolation and mine, is to no purpoſe, but is all loſt, with Reference to him. I beg of you, that you will be Bail for me to *Crito*, but after a contrary Manner to that in which he offered to bail me to my Judges: for he engaged that I would not be gone. Pray engage for me, that I ſhall no ſooner be dead, but I ſhall be gone, to the End that poor *Crito* may bear my Death more ſtedfaſtly; and when he ſees my Body burnt or interred, may not deſpair, as if I ſuffered great Miſery, and ſay at my Funeral, that *Socrates* is laid out, *Socrates* is carried out, *Socrates* is interred For you muſt know, my dear *Crito*, ſays he, turning to him, that ſpeaking amiſs of Death is not only a Fault in the Way of ſpeaking, but likewiſe wounds the Soul You ſhould have more Courage and Hope, and ſay that my Body is to be interred. *That* you

Bad Diſcourſes give dangerous Wounds to the Soul.

|| This Model is God; for he ſtill told them that they ſhould render themſelves conformable to God, as much as human Weakneſs would bear.

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Having ſpoke thus, he roſe and went into the next Room to bathe. *Crito* followed him, and he deſired we ſhould attend him. Accordingly we all attended him, and entertained ourſelves one while with a Repetition and farther Examination of what he had ſaid, another while in ſpeaking of the miſerable State that was before us. For we all looked upon ourſelves as Perſons deprived of our good Father, that were about to paſs the reſt of our Life in an Orphan State.

After he came out of the Bath, they brought his Children to him; for he had three, two little ones, and one that was pretty big: And the Women of his Family came all into him. He ſpoke to them ſome Time in the Preſence of *Crito*, gave them their Orders, and ordered them to retire, carry his Children along with them, and then came back to us. 'Twas then towards Sun-ſetting, for he had been a long while in the little Room.

When he came in, he ſat down upon his Bed, without ſaying much: For much about the ſame Time the Officer of the eleven Magiſtrates came in, and drawing near to him, *Socrates*, ſays he, I have no Occaſion to make the ſame Complaint of you, that I have every Day of thoſe in the ſame Condition; for as ſoon as I come to acquaint them by Orders from the eleven Magiſtrates, that they muſt drink the Poiſon, they are incenſed againſt me and curſe me: But as for you, ever ſince you came into this Place, I have found you to be the moſt even tempered, the calmeſt, and the beſt Man that ever entered this Priſon; and I am confident that at preſent you are not angry with me: doubtleſs you are angry with none, but thoſe who are the Cauſe of your Misfortune. You know them without naming. On this Occaſion, *Socrates*, you know what I come to tell you; farewell, endeavour to bear this Neceſſity with a conſtant Mind. Having ſpoke thus, he began to cry, and turning his Back upon us, retired a little. Farewell, my Friend, ſays *Socrates*, looking upon him, I'll follow the Counſel thou giveſt me. Mind, ſays he, what Honeſty is in that fellow! During my Impriſonment he came often to ſee me, and diſcourſed with me: He's more worth than all the reſt: How heartily he cries for me? Let us obey him with a hand-

refuse to form your Lives according to the || Model I always proposed to you, and follow it as it were by the Footsteps, all your Protestations and Offers of Service will be altogether useless to me.

We shall do our utmost, *Socrates*, replies *Crito*, to obey you. But how will you be buried?

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Having ſpoke thus, he roſe and went into the next Room to bathe. *Crito* followed him, and he deſired we ſhould attend him. Accordingly we all attended him, and entertained ourſelves one while with a Repetition and farther Examination of what he had ſaid, another while in ſpeaking of the miſerable State that was before us. For we all looked upon ourſelves as Perſons deprived of our good Father, that were about to paſs the reſt of our Life in an Orphan-State.

After he came out of the Bath, they brought his Children to him; for he had three, two little ones, and one that was pretty big: And the Women of his Family came all into him. He ſpoke to them ſome Time in the Preſence of *Crito*, gave them their Orders, and ordered them to retire, carry his Children along with them, and then came back to us. 'Twas then towards Sun-ſetting, for he had been a long while in the little Room.

When he came in, he ſat down upon his Bed, without ſaying much: For much about the ſame Time the Officer of the eleven Magiſtrates came in, and drawing near to him, *Socrates*, ſays he, I have no Occaſion to make the ſame Complaint of you, that I have every Day of thoſe in the ſame Condition; for as ſoon as I come to acquaint them by Orders from the eleven Magiſtrates, that they muſt drink the Poiſon, they are incenſed againſt me and curſe me: But as for you, ever ſince you came into this Place, I have found you to be the moſt even tempered, the calmeſt, and the beſt Man that ever entered this Priſon; and I am confident that at preſent you are not angry with me: doubtleſs you are angry with none, but thoſe who are the Cauſe of your Misfortune. You know them without naming. On this Occaſion, *Socrates*, you know what I come to tell you; farewell, endeavour to bear this Neceſſity with a conſtant Mind. Having ſpoke thus, he began to cry, and turning his Back upon us, retired a little. Farewell, my Friend, ſays *Socrates*, looking upon him, I'll follow the Counſel thou giveſt me. Mind, ſays he, what Honeſty is in that fellow! During my Impriſonment he came often to ſee me, and diſcourſed with me: He's more worth than all the reſt: How heartily he cries for me? Let us obey him with a hand-

ſom Mien, my dear *Crito*; if the Poiſon be brewed, let him bring it; if not, let him brew it himſelf.

But, methinks *Socrates*, ſays *Crito*, the Sun ſhines upon the Mountains, and is not yet ſet; and I know ſeveral in your Circumſtances did not drink the Poiſon till a long Time after the Order was given; that they ſupped very well, (*a*) and enjoyed any Thing they had a Mind to: Wherefore I conjure you not to preſs ſo hard; you have yet Time enough.

Thoſe who do as you ſay, *Crito*, ſays *Socrates*, have their own Reaſons; they think it is juſt as much Time gained: and I have likewiſe my Reaſons for not doing ſo; for the only Advantage I can have by drinking it later, is to make myſelf ridiculous to myſelf, in being ſo fooliſhly fond of Life as to pretend to husband it in the laſt Minute, when there is no more to come. Go then, my dear *Crito*, and do as I bid you do, and do not vex me any longer.

He alludes to a Verſe of *Heſiod*, who ſays, 'tis an unlucky ſparing when one's come to the Bottom.

Whereupon *Crito* gave the Sign to the Slave that waited juſt by. The Slave went out, and after he had ſpent ſome Time in brewing the Poiſon, returned, accompanied by him that was to give it, and brought it all together in one Cup. *Socrates* ſeeing him come in; that's very well, my Friend, ſays he: but what muſt I do? For you know beſt, and 'tis your Buſineſs to direct me.

You have nothing elſe to do, ſays he, but whenever you have drank it, to walk until you find your Legs ſtiff, and then to lie down upon your Bed. This is all you have to do. And at the ſame Time he gave him the Cup: *Socrates* took it, not only without any Commotion, or Change of Colour or Countenance, but with Joy; and looking upon the Fellow with a ſteady and bold Eye, as he was wont to do, What do you ſay of this Mixture, ſays he; is it allowable to make a Drink Offering of it? *Socrates*, replied the Man, we never brew more at once, than what ſerves for one Doſe.

(*a*) This affords us an admirable Proſpect of the infinite Difference between *Socrates* and thoſe brutiſh Men, who died without any other Sentiments of their Miſery.

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I underſtand you, ſays *Socrates*: But at leaſt it is lawful for me to pray to the Gods, that they would bleſs the Voyage, and render it happy. This I beg of them withal my Soul. Having ſaid that, he drank it all off with an admirable Tranquillity, and an inexpreſſible Calmneſs.

Socrates prays before he ſwallows the Poiſon.

Hitherto we had, almoſt all of us, the Power to refrain from Tears; but when we ſaw him drink it off, we were no longer Maſters of ourſelves. Notwithſtanding all my Efforts, I was obliged to cover myſelf with my Mantle, that I might freely regret my Condition; for 'twas not *Socrates*'s Misfortune, but my own, that I deplored, in reflecting what a Friend I was loſing. *Crito*, who likewiſe could not abſtain from crying, had prevented me, and riſen up. And *Apollodorus*, who ſcarce ceaſed to cry during the whole Conference, did then howl and cry aloud, inſomuch that he moved every Body. Only *Socrates* himſelf was not at all moved: On the contrary, he chid them; What are you doing, my Friends, ſays he? What! ſuch fine Men as you are! O! Where is Virtue? Was not it for this Reaſon that I ſent off thoſe Women, for fear they ſhould have fallen into thoſe Weakneſſes; for I always heard it ſaid, that a Man ought to die in Tranquillity, and bleſſing God? Be eaſy then, and ſhew more Conſtancy and Courage. Theſe Words filled us with Confuſion, and forced us to ſuppreſs our Tears.

We ſhould die calmly, bleſſing God.

In the mean Time, he continued to walk, and when he felt his Legs ſtiff, he lay down on his Back, as the Man had ordered him. At the ſame Time, the ſame Man that gave him the Poiſon, came up to him, and after looking upon his Legs and Feet, bound up his Feet with all his Force, and asked him if he felt it? He ſaid, No Then he bound up his Legs; and having carried his Hand higher, gave us the Signal that he was quite cold. *Socrates* likewiſe felt himſelf with his Hand, and told us, that when the Cold came up to his Heart, he ſhould leave us. All his lower Belly was already frozen: And then uncovering himſelf, for he was covered, *Crito*, ſays he, (theſe were his laſt

i. e. His Head was covered, that nothing might trouble him.

Socrates's laſt Words.

Having ſpoke theſe Words, he drew his Cloak again over his Head.

laſt Words) * *We owe a Cock to Æſculapius, diſcharge this Vow for me and do not forget it.* It ſhall be done, ſays *Crito*; but ſee if you have any Thing elſe to ſay to us. He made no Anſwer, and after a little Space of Time, departed. The Man who was ſtill by him, having uncovered him, received his laſt looks, which continued fixed upon him. *Crito*, ſeeing that, came up and cloſed his Mouth and Eyes.

This, *Echecrates*, was the *Exit* of our Friend, a Man, who † beyond all Diſpute, was the beſt, the wiſeſt, and the juſteſt of all our Acquaintance.

* Thoſe who have not dived into the true Meaning of *Socrates*, charge him with Idolatry and Superſtition, upon the Score of this Cock that he had vowed to *Æſculapius*. But theſe Words ſhould not be taken literally; they are Ænigmatical, as many of *Plato*'s are; and can never be underſtood, unleſs we have Recourſe to Figures and Allegories. The Cock here is the Symbol of Life, and *Æſculapius* the Emblem of Phyſic. *Socrates*'s Meaning is, that he reſigns his Soul into the Hands of the true Phyſician, who comes to purify and heal him. This Explication ſuits admirably well with the Doctrine taught by *Socrates* in this ſame Treatiſe, where he ſhews that religious Sacrifices were only Figures. *Theodoret* had a juſter Notion of this Paſſage, than *Lactantius* and *Tertullian*; for he not only did not condemn it, but inſinuated that it was figurative, in his 7th Diſcourſe of the Cure of the Opinions of the *Pagans*. I am perſuaded, ſays he, that *Socrates* ordered a Cock to be ſacrificed to *Æſculapius*, to ſhew the Injuſtice of his Condemnation; for he was condemned for owning no God. He owned a God, and ſhewed that his God ſtood in no Need of our Sacrifices or Homage, and required nothing elſe from us but Piety and Sanctity.

† *Xenophon*, that faithful Hiſtorian of the Actions and memorable Sayings of *Socrates*, gives him the ſame Encomium: And having ſaid that he was the beſt man in the World, and the greateſt Favourite with God, he concludes in theſe Words: *If any Man be of another Mind, pray let him compare his Manners and Actions with thoſe of other Men, and then let him judge.* In effect, that is the true Way of judging of Men. Nothing but the true Religion did ever form a more wonderful and divine Man than he was.

FINIS.